HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XV.—NO. 732.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1871. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

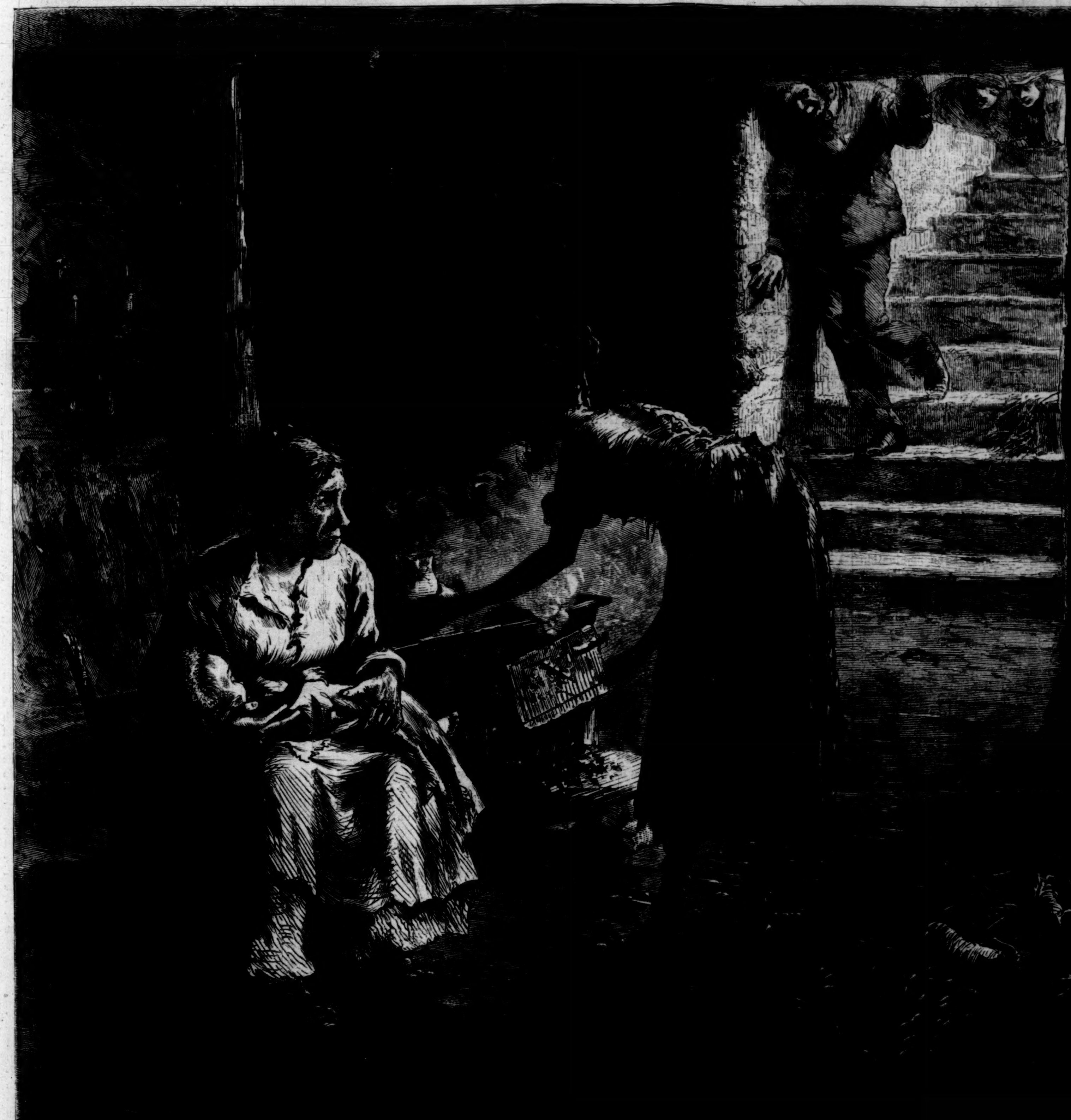
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

NEW-YEAR'S WITH THE POOR.

"ONE half the world doesn't know how the other half lives" is a saying as true as it is trite. We have no doubt that many of our readers, casting a hasty glance on the scene of squalor and wretchedness depicted by our artist on this page, may be inclined to accuse him of exaggeration; but no one who will take the trouble to go through any of our streets where the very poor are huddled together in tenement houses, packed from cellar to garret with every form and manifestation of poverty and wretchedness known to the police and the benevolent city missionary, will question the fidelity of the sketch. In New York, as in the cities of the Old World, may be found

> "Many a grim and loathsome lane
> Swarming with the outcast children of disease and want and pain,
> Where the foulness of pollution, on the pavement, on the walls,
> Reeks and fumes like witch-sweat poison that in hideous cavern falls;
> Where the pressure of the gables, leaning inward, stops the breath,
> And no sunlight breaks the shadow, clears the atmosphere of death."

To these poor wretches—for the most part made miserable by crime or improvidence—these joyous days bring no pleasure, no relief from the hunger and cold and sickness that winter always keeps in store for them. Our Northern climate is not friendly to the poor. It multiplies all their miseries tenfold, and deprives them of nearly every physical comfort. In warmer countries, like Cuba, or Southern Italy, poverty is robbed of half its wretchedness by the geniality of the clime and the prodigality of nature. There the beggar may have scarcely clothing enough to hide his nakedness, but he is never cold; and



ANY THING BUT A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.—[DRAWN BY W. L. SHEPPARD.]

where fruit and bread are always cheap, he is rarely hungry. But here, Heaven pity the poor when winter sets in! Thousands in this city to-day are half freezing with insufficient clothing and want of fire, thousands are half famished because meat and bread are dear, and because so much of their scanty means must go to buy fuel and the rags with which they seek to defend themselves against the cold; and thousands to-day are living in just such dens of wretchedness as the one depicted by our artist.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1871.

☞ *The* EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT *sent out with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *presents many features of interest. In it the reader will find the opening chapter of a very attractive series of* ARCTIC SKETCHES, *written expressly for the* WEEKLY *by* DR. HAYES, *illustrated from photographs; one of* NAST'S *inimitable compositions apropos to New-Year's Calls; a pathetic picture by* JEWETT, *entitled,* "THE ORPHAN'S DREAM;" *the concluding chapters of* "BRED IN THE BONE;" *Poems, Stories, etc., etc.*

☞ *In the present Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *will be found the opening chapters of a new Serial Story by the Author of* "Bred in the Bone," "A Beggar on Horseback," *and other popular novels, under the title of*

"WON—NOT WOOED,"

which the publishers believe will prove to be one of the most interesting and attractive serials of the year.

☞ *Subscribers who wish to bind the Fourteenth Volume of* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *ending with No.* 731, *may obtain gratuitously from the principal News-dealers a* TITLE-PAGE *and* TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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LOOKING ABOUT.

A GENERAL amnesty would have this advantage, that it would increase in Congress the number of gentlemen like Senator M'CREERY, who express the real spirit of the Democratic party. The American people are so generous that they easily forget, and they are often saved from the disastrous consequences of their own indifference by what the Puritans would have called "little Providences." When the war ended there was a strong tendency to a kind of mush of emotion, by which the most serious considerations were likely to be overborne. It was a state of mind very serviceable to the designs of those who had been disloyal through the war, and to the mere ambitious demagogues like ANDREW JOHNSON. The death of Mr. LINCOLN, whose kindness of heart was always controlled by remarkable sagacity, brought the country to the verge of very grave perils. The defection of the JOHNSON Administration with all its patronage, and the confusion of the public mind in regard to the constitutional difficulties, were a threatening embarrassment. But the black codes of the Southern Legislatures and the massacre at New Orleans were "little Providences" which, by recalling the country to a sense of the actual situation, saved it from a catastrophe.

So at the end of the shameful JOHNSON era, when the Democratic National Convention met at Tammany Hall, there were many of the more sagacious members of the party who hoped for a platform and a nomination which would perplex the Republicans and open a chance of victory. But the predominance of the rebel chiefs, the repudiating platform, and the nomination of a candidate who was morally responsible for the New York riots of 1863, and of another who had proposed forcible measures with Congress, were "little Providences" again, revealing to the country the real character and purpose of the Democratic party. And now, when it was hoped by that party that there was Republican dissatisfaction enough with General GRANT to produce a formidable Republican dissension, when the burden of taxation had been so oratorically emphasized that with the restoration of the Union it was believed that Republican fidelity would be relaxed, and that by skillful concealment the Democratic party might regain a great deal of power, if not absolute control of the government, a performance like that of Senator M'CREERY is a "little Providence" which opens every body's eyes, and shows us the eternal truth, that whether the Evil One tempts St. Anthony in the form of a fiend or of a beautiful woman, he is the Evil One still.

Of course a few more gentlemen of the same kind in Congress would mutually embolden each other, and the country would see still more plainly the drift of the Democratic party. And if we ask why it is that this party seems to be so curiously unskillful, always pulling the area bell, as a wag says, instead of that of the front-door, the reason is obvious. It is that it is a negative and not a positive party. It has no general policy to propose. It decries Republican administration as unconstitutional and wasteful. But the covert proposal to disturb the settlement of the Union does not attract the country, and while the Democrats talk about free trade they say that they don't exactly mean it. Meanwhile a general declaration of economy and administrative honesty, from a party of whose honesty and economy the city of New York is the perpetual illustration, is a jest which the whole world appreciates. Nor is the situation improved by the traditions of the party, or by the character of its leaders. Its paramount aim for a generation was the extension of slavery, and many of its present conspicuous leaders are men as deeply identified with political corruption as its older chiefs with slavery extension. Indeed, the sole hope of the Democratic party is now what it has been since the war, that by a careful "hushing up" of the M'CREERYS and WADE HAMPTONS and PENDLETON repudiators, and by fine talk about low taxation and free trade, it may attract the discontented Republicans, and come into power.

The duty of the Republican managers, therefore, is plain. It is to disappoint this hope, and to retain the cordial approval of the best men in the party, who value purity more than party, and who will not be whipped by men whom they do not respect into the support of measures which they do not approve. They may not, if dissatisfied, vote for the other party, but their strength will be lost to the Republicans. They do not like to see, as they sometimes do, honorable and able men, men whose character is an invaluable capital for any party or administration, withdrawing from public life without explanation, but apparently as if it were impossible with self-respect to remain. They are dismayed by the apparent ascendency in influence of some persons who are notoriously unprincipled and jobbers. They feel, and they feel truly, that the people of this country will support the Administration with enthusiasm and pride, as they see it represented every where by the most unexceptionable men. Political managers know that they are always sure of "the regulation vote" of the disciplined and pachydermatous gentlemen who support "the devil if he is the regular candidate." It is those who will not support the devil, however regularly nominated, that they must hold.

The President is much stronger in the popular confidence now than he was before Congress met; and it is because his Message shows that he heartily favors certain measures which the mere politicians oppose, and which are of a kind that, if adopted, would secure Republican ascendency indefinitely. The country is sure from the Message that the President is not so absolutely under the control of certain counsels as was supposed. It is easy for any man to sophisticate himself with theories of the necessity of yielding to the laws of the situation. The difficulty is in knowing what those laws are. One who is new to political life naturally supposes that there is some mystery in political management which only technical politicians comprehend. But honesty and sagacity are the only necessary elements of political strategy. Sagacity without honesty is sure to fail in politics as in every other kind of activity. It is a truth which we believe the vacation will have impressed more deeply upon the minds of Senators and Representatives, and which, carefully pondered, will enable them to establish the party impregnably, and to re-elect General GRANT with enthusiasm.

PILGRIM WEEK.

THE third week in December was emphatically Pilgrim Week. It was the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing at Plymouth, and was jubilantly celebrated by the sons of the Puritans. They are naturally proud of their ancestry. The Puritan element in our history is most powerful and characteristic, but it is not all-embracing. It is the fruit of Puritanism which is so generous and noble. It is not the ascetic colony of Plymouth or of Massachusetts Bay—it is the smiling nation of to-day; it is not the sour Blue-laws—it is the proclamation of emancipation, which show the Puritan spirit in its full and rich development. The advanced line of civilization is unquestionably that of the English race, and that was determined by Puritanism. That was the flinty will which prevented the reaction and reconquest under the Cavaliers. The Cavaliers were graceful and gay, and they trolled many a droll and laughing stave at the lank brethren who snuffled in prayer. But through their noses the old Puritans sang a terrible psalm of liberty, and CROMWELL was not wrong when he described his victory at Worcester as a crowning mercy. They were very austere. We think of their world as destitute of sunshine. But upon this side of the sea they had to fight winter, savages, and a sterile soil. That was no work for serenading Cavaliers. The fathers of this country were sad and sombre men. But out of strength has come forth sweetness.

The Pilgrims did not bring liberty of thought to this country, but they brought the protest out of which it sprang. They came to enjoy a freedom which was denied them in England, but it was a freedom for themselves alone. They treated ROGER WILLIAMS as they had themselves been treated, and the execution of MARY DYER was LAUD's persecution magnified. The attempts to excuse these acts, and to treat them as punishments of civil offenses, are failures. They were the results of ecclesiastical rule, which is always the most despotic and hopeless of all government. But the pure deposit from the muddy confusion of sophistry is invaluable. It is what has saved, and will continue to save, America, for it is conscience in politics. Puritanism, under obscure forms, is the assertion that morality can not be safely divorced from politics. That is the principle which, being denied, agitated us for a generation, led us to war, and at last triumphed in the regeneration of the country.

This was the principle which DANIEL WEBSTER announced at Plymouth fifty years ago, in the oration which was so renowned. He repeated it at Niblo's Garden twenty years afterward. He renounced it ten years later; but it was still true, as the contest which he deprecated, but could not postpone, terribly proved. For us that is the great lesson of the anniversary of this year. It is not to praise the Puritans without qualification. It certainly is not to scoff at them, nor to forget the immeasurable work they did. But we can not enough praise nor emulate their fidelity, their heroic persistence, their profound conviction that the life of the state, like that of the individual man, must be founded upon morality, and that there is no human relation from which the law of conscience can safely be discarded. They foolishly and oppressively magnified the functions of government. But that great, grim company, whom we are so apt to fancy plodding solemnly through the deep snow to the log meeting-house, around which they stacked their arms, harshly supervising every human relation, relentlessly punishing the most venial error, sad, silent, saturnine, were the men who transmitted the torch of liberty unextinguished from the old time to the new.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SENATE.

THAT the President believes the advantages of securing a coaling station upon the island of San Domingo, by annexing part of the island, to be greater than the disadvantages, is most evident. During the last session of Congress he personally visited the Capitol to advocate the project, and in his recent Message there is nothing more earnest and sincere than his argument for annexation. But there is a very positive and honest disagreement with the President's views in his own party; and each side persists so strenuously that the matter has become perilous to the party harmony. Yet the duty of the President and of Senators who differ from him is plain, and there ought to be no bitterness of feeling in consequence of the difference of opinion. The President most properly suggests to the country and to its representatives a measure which, in his judgment, is of the highest public service. He urges it with every argument he can command, and he is entitled to the most respectful hearing. But it is in this instance not a question of principle, and, indeed, belongs to a class of measures of which the advantage is always doubtful. The Senate is morally bound to consider it wholly upon its merits, and if it differs from the President, he is morally bound to respect the honest difference.

But, for some reason, the San Domingo question has become a personal matter. It is understood that to oppose the annexation is to displease the President, and it is very generally supposed that the recall of Mr. MOTLEY was due to Mr. SUMNER's hostility to the San Domingo project. The debates in the secret sessions of the Senate are reported to have been very acrimonious, and it has been stated in one of the most judicious of Republican papers that the President has intimated that except for the dignity of his office he should feel constrained to ask an explanation of certain personal remarks made by Mr. SUMNER. On the other hand, Mr. SUMNER and Mr. SCHURZ have not hesitated to speak very sharply and contemptuously of the San Domingo proposition; so sharply and contemptuously, indeed, that there seems to be no prospect of a good understanding between them and the President. Indeed, the Senate has been divided into the President's "friends" and the opposition, to the sincere regret of all honest people who know that Republican harmony is indispensable to the welfare of the country.

Nobody would acknowledge sooner than the President that the President's wish can not be made the policy of the party. Nothing, therefore, can be more mistaken than to expect the adherence of Senators as Republicans to a very important public measure which they disapprove upon the most urgent considerations. The rule would seem to be that the majority in Congress should defer in many things to the suggestions of a President of its own party, but that the President should make serious proposals only upon consultation with his advisers and leading party friends, that precisely the present unseemly spectacle may be avoided. The instinct of every practical man assures him, of course, that no party can long retain the ascendency under our system if there is no sincere co-operation between the executive and legislative departments. But the same good sense assures him that such co-operation must be the result of reflection and consultation, and of good-natured forbearance. If the Senate, or any considerable part of it, regards every proposition of the President with suspicion, as ANDREW JOHNSON's were regarded, the result is inevitable.

The Republican chiefs ought to understand that the country will hold them responsible for any serious differences, and to remember that nothing is more nationally humiliating than the spectacle of mutual crimination among political friends in the national Legislature. Senators seem to cultivate a brilliant asperity in debate. But it is more mischievous than they would believe. If they differ with each other or with the President, can it not be done in a frank and manly way, and without the most miserable gibes and insinuations?

THE REORGANIZATION OF FRANCE.

THE success of the Germans in France continues, but it is not easy to see how the war can end. Usually when it is evident that one of the combatants is beaten, he confesses the fact by accepting terms of surrender. But that is in organized political communities, while France is entirely disorganized. There is no reason to suppose that Bordeaux would yield even if Paris fell. M. GAMBETTA would only issue another proclamation declaring the republic to be invincible, and calling upon the country to expel the invader. Nobody can speak for the whole country, no authority can pledge its submission. There is no power to treat with; and if M. FAVRE should accept conditions, there is no security that M. CREMIEUX would not reject them. There is, however, not even an appearance of any other authority than that of the Committee of Defense, and if they should simultaneously abandon the struggle, although the army and its generals might not acknowledge the right of the Committee to act for them, it is probable that general hostilities would cease. Such an event would leave in France only the elements of a nation, and a government would be organized under the superintendence of Germany.

It would be with such a government that Germany would treat for the final terms of peace. Yet here is a difficulty. If the French resistance should at last give way before the German force, the will of Germany would be virtually supreme, and the more surely because of the French consciousness of virtual national disintegration. But when a government, of whatever kind, arose from the votes of the people, a renewed sense of power and pride would arise with it, and make the conditions of peace more difficult to determine. The Vienna conference of the neutral powers proposes as a basis of settlement European acquiescence in the annexation of Luxembourg; the acknowledgment of WILLIAM as the Emperor of Germany; the payment by France of 1,200,000,000 francs; the razing of two frontier fortresses; and the cession of Alsace to Germany. But if resistance to the German arms should cease, and the Committee of Defense should accept such conditions, the new government could not feel bound by the acceptance, and the country would feel stronger, in the fact of a government, to refuse them.

Nothing, therefore, is practicable but an armistice, which M. GAMBETTA was erroneously reported to have wished or even proposed. And then? Indeed, there is no problem more obscure than the future of France, which is made the subject of a thoughtful essay by M. EMILE DE LAVELEYE in the last *Fortnightly Review*. He is of opinion that the republic is the best government for France, but he doubts if the condition of the people and of the country makes it practicable. The mass of the peasant proprietors in the country and the bourgeoisie, the "middle class," in the towns, are afraid of a republic, which they associate with incessant agitation and insecurity. Then he thinks that when the suffrage becomes universal, which is the tendency every where, the people, of whom a majority are always poor, will naturally wish to change by law the distribution of wealth, and in the consequent struggle freedom would perish. But his article shows that the empire has so effectually demoralized the French people that it is impossible to assume in them the character and heroism which are essential to the establishment of a republic.

But in the reorganization of France very much more than is now believed will depend upon the personal ascendency of some man or men who are both wise and patriotic. At present there is no man in the country who seems to be a real leader. When such a man appears he will reassert the practical supremacy of character and intellect over the force of mere numbers.

GENERAL SCHENCK'S INSTRUCTIONS.

THE amicable adjustment of the difficulty with England would be hailed by the country with the utmost satisfaction, and it would add much to the prestige of the Administration. The views of the Administration upon the subject are not unknown, and it is reported from Washington that General SCHENCK will be instructed to effect a settlement, if possible, upon three conditions—payment to the owners, reimbursing of expenses to the United States, and public recognition of the true principles of neutrality. This is a position different from that of Senator Sumner. There are no constructive damages demanded, and no confession of a premature recognition of belligerency. The conditions imply an acknowledgment that due precaution was not taken to prevent the escape of the *Alabama*, and that it is the duty of a country to make its municipal law adequate to the enforcement of its international obligations. But there is to be no bluster upon our part, and no requirement that Great Britain shall do what we should never think of doing, and what it is therefore an insult to propose to any other power. Nor is it likely that Great Britain would object to a declaration of the principle upon which she has already modified her local law. By the change proposed by her own Government to Parliament the British authorities have conceded that the previous law, under which we complain, was inadequate.

It is very agreeable to believe that the Administration is not disposed to act upon the absurd principle that we can afford to postpone a settlement if England can. Neither nation can afford it, because no nation can properly afford to cultivate hostility with another. Firm and honorable and intelligent friendship with other nations, and especially with England, is our true policy. And nothing will tend more powerfully to secure a really satisfactory treaty than an evident disposition of friendliness evinced by a waiving of a mere form. The truth is that we think we have been injured, and that a great many Englishmen think so also. They are ready, and the British Government is doubtless of the same mind, to do what they honorably can if we will only let them know what we wish. They say, and not untruly, that we merely shake our heads ominously, and declare that we have been very much injured, but that although they have assented to all that we have hitherto proposed, we rejected the settlement of our own agents, and have proposed no other. But if the reports in regard to General Schenck are correct, the English can no longer say this, and he will be instructed to state precisely what we wish.

When his instructions, or their spirit, are authentically known, as we hope they soon will be, we have little doubt that they will be another illustration of the quiet good sense of the Administration. The President and the Secretary of State are peculiarly practical men, and they understand the responsibility of their positions. The suggestion of terms not agreeable to the best judgment of our own country, and instantly rejected by Great Britain, would be a very great misfortune. But the subject is so thoroughly understood, the general feeling of this country and the state of sentiment in England must be now so familiar to the Administration, that such a misfortune is hardly possible. A judicious and honorable settlement, also, would go very far toward securing the continuance of the Administration that accomplished it. Against the great facts of a steady diminution of the debt and reduction of taxation, an evidently increasing honesty and economy of collection and disbursement, with a firm, peaceful, and honorable foreign policy, healing difficulties and knitting closer bonds of prosperous amity, Democratic promises of greater administrative honesty, efficiency, and economy would break into ridiculous froth, like the waves against a rocky cliff.

THE CRUMMLES CORRESPONDENCE.

It is constantly said that the public has no interest in private quarrels; but it is certain that their revelation always provokes a great deal of public comment. The merest tale of *scan. mag.* finds a very large and most interested circle of readers; and the wars of actors have always enlisted the public attention. Indeed, such quarreling is a kind of gladiatorial show. The imperial public lounges in its purple pavilion and looks down upon the combatants, applauding the skillful stroke, amused for a moment, but wholly indifferent whether one or both of the fighters are slain. It is not, therefore, that the public is not interested which should persuade a man to keep his quarrels out of the papers, but that it is the interest of mere excitement, and that the publication is very likely to touch his own self-respect, and affect the public regard for him. The recently published correspondence in which Mr. Fechter figures occupied a great deal of conspicuous space in the papers; its substance was telegraphed; and it was the occasion of universal public comment, and of much private conversation. But although the pulse of the public was stirred for a moment, its respect for the correspondent was certainly not increased.

Gentlemen and ladies, therefore, who are burning to make a clean breast to the public of the injuries which have been done them may profit exceedingly by a little reflection upon the facts of this latest appeal. They are simply that Mr. Fechter became stage manager of a certain theatre, and that, finding difficulties, he decided to throw up the engagement. The mere announcement of such a fact would not have been surprising, because the difficulties behind the foot-lights are known always to be immense, and often insuperable. Nobody would have thought ill of Mr. Fechter, and those who liked his acting would have been only very sorry that their pleasure was to be interrupted; but in an unhappy hour he published a long letter detailing the differences between him and other actors, and producing private letters. There were, of course, prompt rejoinders and rebutters, and with every word "the profession" suffered sadly in public estimation. Nothing whatever has been gained by the publicity but a laugh upon the part of the public, and a general feeling that every body concerned is a little to blame. A solemn appeal to the public by any worthy gentleman to decide whether he is not justified in leaving a shoemaker who wantonly squeezes his foot, or the placarding of Jones by Smith as a caitiff coward, and whelp, and scoundrelly poltroon, are only ridiculous performances, however amusing.

If one actor quarrels with another, if an author differs with a publisher, if a customer is displeased with his tailor, if there is any private difference not involving a wrong to the public, let it remain private. There are offenses which affect us all, and to such the attention of every body can not be too pointedly called. The constant and innumerable perils and carelessnesses of railroad and other travel, the superb swindles of hotels, the insecurity of buildings, are of this kind. Publicity given to such offenses is like the policeman's lantern turned upon a thief. But who cares whether Smith thinks Jones a caitiff or not? Who cares that there is a misunderstanding as to the scope of his duties between Mr. Crummles and Mr. Folair? The account may be "spicy," but let all ladies and gentlemen intending publicity be warned by the general derision and the occasional regret with which the fiery Crummles-Folair correspondence is perused by that terrible critic, the newspaper reader.

LITERARY.

There is the usual Christmas activity among the publishers, and there are so many valuable and handsome books for all readers of all ages that it is not possible to mention more than a few. Paul du Chaillu gives us another of his tales of African adventure with most suggestive illustrations, and he tells the story of his actual Barataria, his "Apingi Kingdom," a romantic story in which every boy who is of the Robinson Crusoe age will be absorbed with delight. The Harpers publish it, and also the "Adventures of a Young Naturalist," by Biart, with the most copious illustrations—a book full of interest and instruction for every body; and they give us some new and charming fairy stories, by E. H. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M.P., who calls his book "Puss-Cat Mew." For graver books there are Beecher's "Morning and Evening Devotional Exercises;" and "Light at Evening Time: A Book of Support and Comfort for the Aged," edited by John Stanford Holme—a book especially designed, in the large clear type and convenient form, for those whose Christmas is a feast of memory. Then there are Laboulaye's always fresh stories, and Macé's; and Wood's "Homes without Hands;" and Lyman Abbott's "Old Testament Shadows;" and "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century," with all the countless works published by the same house, of the best authors, whose presence is a perpetual benediction in every home.

Of Mr. Howell's "Suburban Sketches" we can only say now that its grace and delicate insight and subtile humor, with the delightful air of intellectual sanity which pervades it, only the more firmly establish his claim to the foremost rank among younger American authors. "My Summer in a Garden," by Charles Dudley Warner, one of the editors of the Hartford *Courant*, is as fresh and breezy as a June morning. The book is a series of little papers upon gardening originally published in the *Courant*, and now introduced by a letter from Henry Ward Beecher. But the book will make its own way. The reader will not learn much from it of the vegetables and flowers that grow in a garden, but he will learn a great deal of the cheerful thoughts and pleasant fancies that grow there. He extracts morals and humor, if nothing else, from his vegetables. The constant humor of the little book is wayward and unexpected, but it is wholly unlike the extravagant and boisterous fun which is now so popular. Speaking of eating onions, the author says: "The act is in the nature of a religious ceremony, an Eleusinian mystery—not a breath of it must get abroad." What happiness that passage would have given the author of the essay upon "Roast Pig!" "An English Governess at the Court of Siam" is a true and most extraordinary story. Mrs. Leonowcas, the author, was for some time the teacher of the royal children, and she has given us a more vivid picture than we have ever had of the interior of a life so foreign and so secluded. The book is very handsomely bound and illustrated, and as an authentic revelation it is very valuable.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

We have already referred to an unusually heavy rain that fell recently at Aspinwall. Late advices from the isthmus inform us that one of the highest floods known in that region since the construction of the railroad culminated about the first of the present month, and that the track between Gatun and San Pablo was submerged for at least eight miles, in some places to a depth of from three to four feet.

There appears to be a hitch in regard to the work of completing the ship canal which was to be constructed across Nicaragua, under the auspices of the French government, since the President of Costa Rica has, for various reasons, refused his assent to certain modifications of the original treaty, without which the construction of the canal is said to be impracticable.

During the present year there has been an unusual number of land-slides and sinkings of the ground over considerable areas in different parts of the country, one of the most striking being the dropping out, so to speak, of a portion of the harbor of St. John, New Brunswick, last winter. Quite lately, again, three acres of land on the Delaware division of the Erie Railway suddenly sank below the ground to the depth of about forty feet, leaving the tops of the trees just visible above the surface. As an instance of a more gradual sinking of an extended region, it is said that the islands of Jersey and Guernsey, in the British Channel, have subsided to the extent of forty feet in five hundred years.

Such of our readers as have watched the progress of legislation in regard to the fur-seal islands of Behring Sea, namely, St. Paul and St. George, forming the Pribylow group, may remember that a limitation of the number to be killed each year was strictly insisted upon, in accordance with the practice of the Russian company when in possession of the islands, the average number of skins formerly taken amounting to 75,000 on the island of St. Paul, and 25,000 on that of St. George. During the few years that have elapsed since the Russian possession of these islands it is said that a considerable excess of this number of animals has been killed, and it was predicted that the result would be the abandonment of the islands by the seals. By a recent arrival from the islands it is stated that the catch for the present year will amount to only about 35,000, and that the seals have left their accustomed haunts to a very appreciable degree, and fears are entertained that they may abandon them entirely. Part of their number appear to have resorted to the Commander Islands, west of the Aleutian group, which still belong to Russia, and it is said that the Alaska Fur-Seal Company, now having control of the Pribylow Islands, are endeavoring to obtain a cession from the Russian government for the purpose of monopolizing the capture on Behring and Copper islands, forming the Commander group.

For some time past a very valuable collection of ethnological objects has been on sale in Germany, the acquisition of which by New York would be an object of the greatest interest. It was made by Dr. Gustavus Klemm, of Dresden, with the view of illustrating his researches upon the progress of human civilization, and forms the basis of his great works on this subject. After his decease it was put into the market; but has, we believe, not yet met with a purchaser, although several establishments in Germany are anxiously endeavoring to secure the means required to purchase it. The collection embraces over 14,000 specimens, in all possible variety, illustrating the physical and natural history of mankind from the earliest times to the present day. Mummies, crania, stone implements, armor, clothing of all kinds, musical instruments—in fact, articles of every kind that can well be imagined, are represented in this cabinet. The price asked for it some time ago was, we think, about $12,000, and we presume it could readily be purchased for that sum.

As was foretold by sagacious prophets, the cod-fisheries in Alaska continue to increase in economical importance to the country, the catch during the present year having amounted to over 1,300,000, all the fish of large size. Should the cod-fisheries of the Banks of Newfoundland fail in the course of time, as is feared by some, it is quite probable that we shall be obliged to depend upon the Alaskan seas for our supplies. As the shoals frequented by cod in these seas vastly exceed in area all those of Newfoundland, and the fish themselves are of equal size and excellence, and in much greater relative abundance, we can look forward with equanimity to the transfer of that branch of the fishing interest from one side of the continent to the other, satisfied, as we may well be, that a plentiful supply will always be available for consumption.

From a table by Dr. Klein, showing the mean annual frequency of thunder-storms in different localities, Java appears to be the most favored in this respect, one locality being credited with 159 storms, and another with 110. Beyrout, in Syria, can count only four, while Sitka has an average of only one and a half per annum, as shown by a period of nine years.

The inconveniences and dangers of the harbor of Punta Arenas, the principal harbor of Costa Rica, on the Pacific slope, situated on the Gulf of Nicoya, have induced the authorities of that state to request the government of the United States to furnish competent engineers to make surveys for a more suitable location.

A new exploration of the islands of the Pacific Ocean, under the auspices of the Geographical Society of Russia, is now fitting out, and is to be in charge of a young Russian, Mr. Miklucho Maclay. This gentleman, well known by previous journeys among the Eastern islands, Morocco, and on the coast of the Red Sea, will be accompanied by several specialists in different branches of science. The subjects that will receive particular attention are those connected with the physical geography of the sea in its relationship to animal life, such as the temperature at different depths, the percentage of salt, density of the water, ebb and flow of the tide, etc.; also studies in animal geography, and ethnological investigations. Full collections in the animal and vegetable kingdoms will be made to illustrate the labors of the expedition. It is expected that a vessel of war will be detailed to carry the party to the Pacific, especially while it is occupied in exploring the Kuriles, Saghalin, and Kamtschatka.

Dr. Franc, of Munich, informs us that coryza, or cold in the head, with severe sneezing, can be cured perfectly, in from two to four days, by preparing a solution of permanganate of potassa in the proportion of about one and a half grains to two fluid ounces of water. Of this solution some twenty to sixty drops are to be poured into a tumblerful of water, and every two hours a table-spoonful is to be snuffed up the nostrils; and if there be any soreness the same may be used as a gargle. The remedy may be applied much more efficiently by means of the fountain syringe now so much in use, replacing advantageously the solution of salt in water so generally resorted to in connection with the apparatus.

No recent paleontological announcement has been of more interest than the discovery in the small island of Anguilla, in the West Indies, of fossil remains of extinct species of vertebrate animals, among them rodents of enormous size. These are closely allied to the chinchilla, which furnishes the well-known South American fur; but instead of being of about the size of a small rabbit, the largest fully equaled a cow in its dimensions, constituting the largest rodent on record, and considerably exceeding in bulk the castoroides, or fossil beaver, of the United States. Of the remains thus far identified by Professor Cope there are five rodents, one deer, and two birds. In the same communication Professor Cope announces the discovery, in the collections of the Smithsonian Institution, of a new fossil lizard, from New Mexico, which must have been about one hundred feet in length, being probably the longest known reptile.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

December 19.—Most of the day, in the Senate, was spent in discussing a proposition to make compensation for property destroyed in the late war by order of Federal officers. The debate was not concluded.—In the House, a large number of bills were introduced, including one to prevent and punish bribery in Congressional elections, and to enforce the rights of citizens in the several States; one authorizing the issue of one-cent correspondence cards, and one providing for a commission to settle claims for damage done in the late war. An act was passed giving soldiers of the war of 1812 and the Mexican war the same benefits under the Soldiers' Homestead act as are granted to those who fought in the late war.

December 20.—In the Senate, the San Domingo question came up, on the motion of Mr. Morton, for the consideration of his resolution in favor of an investigating committee. The subject was debated at considerable length.—In the House, the discussion of Mr. Butler's Amnesty bill was resumed. The principal speakers were Messrs. Bingham, Fitch, Degener, and Mercur. The Southern members were mostly in favor of general amnesty. The debate was finally cut off by the previous question, which was moved by Mr. Butler.

December 21.—In the Senate, the San Domingo matter was again the principal topic of discussion, the question being on resolutions introduced by Mr. Morton authorizing an investigation into the condition of San Domingo. The debate was kept up until nearly seven o'clock in the morning. Mr. Sumner made a severe and bitter attack upon the administration. Several amendments were offered and rejected, and the resolutions were finally adopted by a vote of 31 to 9.—In the House, the consideration of the Amnesty bill was postponed till after the holidays.

December 22.—In the Senate, the House Amnesty bill, relating to certain persons in Virginia, was laid aside for the present, and the Senate adjourned till after the holidays.—In the House, remarks on amnesty were made by several members—Mr. Jones, of Kentucky, Mr. Bird, of New Jersey, Mr. Booker, of Virginia, and Mr. Barry, of Mississippi, speaking in favor of a measure of general relief, and Mr. Porter, of Virginia, opposing it, and declaring that Republicans were not yet secure in their rights in the South. The House finally adjourned to January 4.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

Several disasters have recently taken place on the Mississippi. The steamer *Nick Wall* was wrecked on a snag, December 18, and forty of her passengers were lost. On the 22d ult. the crack steamer *R. E. Lee* came in collision with another steamer opposite Natchez, and was so much injured that she sank. No lives were lost.

It is reported that Sir John Rose is on his way to Canada and the United States, on an important mission regarding the fisheries.

The people of San Domingo are represented as anxiously looking for the President's Message, and for something in it favorable to annexation. A revolution and a European protectorate are spoken of in the event of failure of their hopes of entering the Union.

The President's views on the *Alabama* claims are still discussed in the London papers. The *Times* says that the Americans are ready to fight, because their exposed points are few, and their resources unbounded, and England is averse to war for converse reasons.

An accidental explosion of 1500 pounds of nitro-glycerine occurred December 23 at the Hoosac Tunnel, by which the superintendent of the works was killed.

FOREIGN NEWS.

It is reported that the two divisions of the Army of the Loire have effected a junction. A vigorous sortie was made from Paris December 21. Generals Malro and Blaise occupied Neuilly-sur-Marne, Villa Evrard, and La Maison Blanche, to the east of Paris. The fire of the enemy was silenced at all points. The French also captured Le Bourget, but were unable to hold it, and retired with one hundred German prisoners. General Ducrot was engaged on the south side of Paris, and at night occupied Groslay and Draugy. A feint was made from the west, Mont Valérien, and occupied the island of Chiard, in the Seine. General Trochu remained outside of Paris with the army.

The Prussian design of obtaining provisions from England by way of Dieppe is said to have been frustrated by the close watch of the French cruisers.

The King of Bavaria announces the concurrence of all the German princes and the Hanse Towns in the project for making the King of Prussia Emperor of Germany.

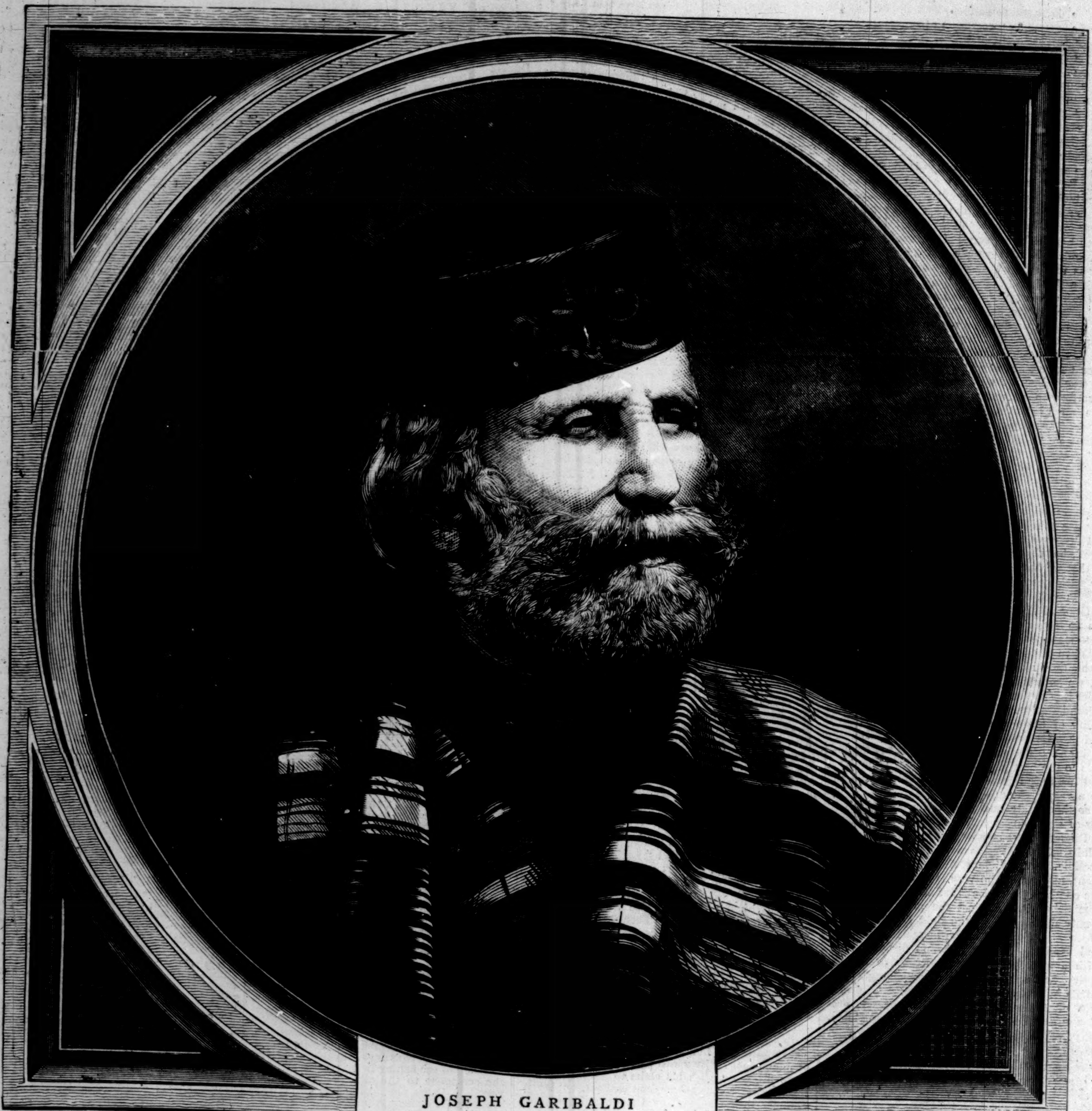
King William, in his reply to the Parliamentary deputation conveying a congratulatory address, signified his acceptance of the imperial crown offered by the "unanimous voice of the German nation."

The Luxembourg representative at Berlin has gone to Versailles to explain to the King of Prussia the position of the Grand Duchy with regard to the complaints of Count Von Bismarck. A London paper says Earl Granville's note to Count Bismarck expresses the hope that Prussia will abstain from putting in practice its theories, and will make an amicable arrangement. The *Kreutz Zeitung* (official organ of Bismarck) says that Prussia is ready to submit her claims to arbitration affecting the independence of Luxembourg.

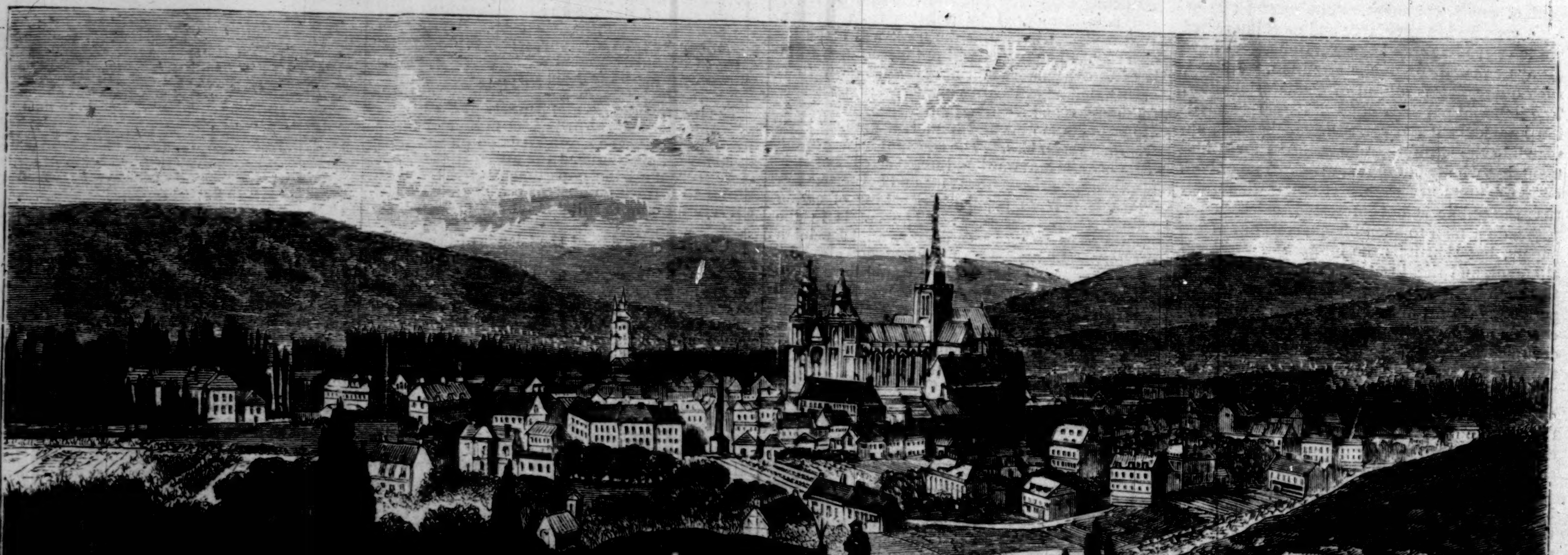
The candidates for the Presidency of Mexico, in the approaching election, are Juarez, Diaz, and Tejada, and the latter, it is believed, will be chosen. Lotteries have been re-established by act of Congress.

Caballero de Rodas, ex-Captain-General of Cuba, sailed from Havana for Spain December 17. Acting Captain-General Valmaseda has begun his administration by sending to the field the regulars who were doing duty about Havana, leaving the guarding of the Moro Castle and Cabaña to the volunteers.

The Indians on the Paraguay River have recently been committing depredations upon passing vessels. The crew of an Italian sloop, ten in number, were killed by them a few weeks since, and the vessel burned.



JOSEPH GARIBALDI

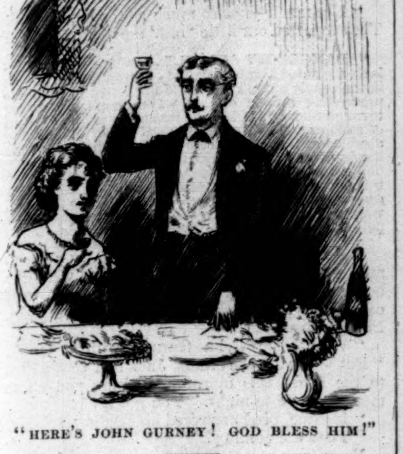


THE CITY OF EVREUX, NORMANDY, FRANCE.—[See Page 10.]

GURNEY & CO. AT HOME.

CHRISTMAS-EVE.

In Two Parts.—Part II.



"HERE'S JOHN GURNEY! GOD BLESS HIM!"

THE GANNETTS.

It was a poor neighborhood. You felt that before you saw it, as you feel dampness in the air before you see the falling of the rain. Beginning at a main thoroughfare, the streets ran easterly to the river, and the nearer they approached it the worse they grew. At first they seemed to have been swept, though the sweepers had forgotten to remove their mountains of dust and mud. A block or two farther on the pretense of cleanliness ceased. Stagnant water stood in the gutters—little inland lakes, the shores of which were strewn with cabbage leaves, potato peelings, and fragments of egg-shells. Ashes abounded, the débris of dilapidated old barrels overset by mischievous boys for a lark, and the deposit of rusty scuttles hastily emptied behind the backs of policemen. "Rubbish shot here" was the tacit understanding every where. As the streets were, so were the houses. The contrast between them and the new brown-stone mansions in Burlington Row was instructive. They were old and shabby, the best of them—in need of paint, in need of repairs, but not in the least need of dirt. The stoops were never scrubbed, the areas were seldom swept. Shutters banged, and blinds rattled, and the doors were generally open. The peculiarity of these doors was that they had been painted a rusty green once upon a time, and that there were knockers on every one of them. The neighborhood was astir with business, though where the money to carry it on came from was a mystery. It would be difficult to name a trade or profession which did not flourish there. There was, for instance, a barber for every block, a drug store say for every two blocks, and groceries and groggeries innumerable. It would be safe to say that one of every four corners was a groggery, and that in one of every four basements lager was sold. It is curious how thirsty these neighborhoods are, and how hungry, and how their hunger satisfies itself with oysters! Baskets of them are piled up in front of dingy little dens, the windows of which solicit attention with bowls of the same already opened. Butchers' shops, with rounds of beef on blocks and quarters of beef and mutton on hooks, not forgetting whole hogs suspended under the awnings outside; cigar stores guarded by wooden Indians, mostly princesses in scanty attire, with many feathers in their hair, and bunches of choice Havanas in their hands; drug stores, with their globes of colored water shining afar; and undertakers' shops, with the invariable baby's coffin, and the dreadful smell of varnish hanging about—or is it the odor of sickness and death, that forever haunts such neighborhoods as these? Dreary enough at any time, they are drearier than ever on Sunday, when the shops are closed and the bustle is suspended. It is a Day of Rest—for the brute creation at least; there are no horses out, no vehicles of any sort in motion. Drawn up close to the sidewalk are carts, trucks, and the numbered wagons of "licensed vendors." Something like silence, which is not silence, is oppressive here: one is possessed with a feeling of desolation. It is not broken by the shambling figures that lounge on the corners, and it is increased by the glimpses of indoor life one sees through the windows—glimpses of faces in damp basements where the light is as darkness, and in cold garrets where the wind shuffles through papered panes. Drearier than all are the tenement houses which have been built here of late years, rising like Babels over the low wooden buildings around them—six stories high; two, four, six, eight together, and as many more in the rear—great hives of brick and mortar, swarming with men, women, and children—curious, improvident, wretched bees, who hoard no more honey than will last themselves to-day, and satisfy the owners of their hives to-morrow.

Through these disconsolate neighborhoods—for there are many of them—a man might have been seen plodding his way one afternoon in December. He was wrapped up in a great cloak, as befitted the weather, and he carried a cane, though rather, it seemed, for show than use. There was a lightness in his step not in keeping with the stoop in his shoulders and the wrinkles in his face. It was the face of a gentleman, ruddy and clean-shaved, but alert and keen, turning hither and thither as he walked, that nothing might escape his eyes, which one would have pronounced keen also, though they were concealed by a pair of blue spectacles. It was evident that he was a stranger, since he stopped occasionally to inquire his way, and appeared perplexed and amused at the different answers that were given him.

"They have a patois of their own, I see; their very intonation is different from ours." He was right in thinking so; for what with the Celtic element, and the German element, and the element of General Ignorance, the wells of English are indeed muddy in all such neighborhoods.

He stopped, and drew a bit of paper from his pocket.

"'One hundred and fifty-seven Constable's Block.' It might be any block that I have passed. They must be dreadfully poor."

He shook his head and went on again, looking up at the corners of the streets to read their names, since he could not find the one he sought, so contradictory were the directions that were launched on him. "Ah, here we are at last!"

He turned to the right into a small street, sloppier and muddier than any he had yet traversed—a close, dark street that was paved with large cobble-stones which wouldn't keep in their places, that was bordered by narrow brick sidewalks—dikes of the ever-brimming gutters—and that was shut in by wooden and brick houses in all stages of decay. None were more than two stories high, and the newest had not known paint within the memory of their occupants. Alleys between them led into houses or stables in the rear. The street was littered up with old carts, upon which children were playing; dogs barked furiously; and coming toward him was a policeman leading a poor wretch to the station-house maudlin with overmuch whisky.

"It is horrible!" he muttered, as he stepped aside to let the motley following pass.

Another reference to his paper and to the numbers on the doors, and he stopped before a small brick house, the best in the block, and ascended the high stone steps, which were swept clean. Then he lifted the iron knocker, that fell with a clang. A slatternly little girl opened the door.

"Is Mrs. Gannett at home, my child?"

"Dunno; lives up stairs."

"Shall I go up?"

"Can if you like."

"Hold the door open, then, till I see." He pinched her cheek, and picked his way to the foot of the stairs, which were dark and steep. Arriving at the second-floor, he knocked at the first door he came to, the door of a back-room. There was no answer. He knocked again; still there was no answer. He found the knob and turned it; the door was locked. He groped his way until he reached a second door, which he knocked at.

"Come in," said a soft voice; and he entered, hat in hand.

"Excuse me, madam, but I am looking for Mrs. Garnett."

"No Mrs. Garnett lives here."

"Perhaps I have mistaken the name," and he pretended to look at a paper. "I have. It is Mrs. Gannett—Mrs. Anne Gannett."

"I am Mrs. Gannett, but my name is Ann."

"I know a friend of yours, Mrs. Gannett—if you are the lady I am looking for—Mrs. Watkins, who lives at Gurney Place."

"Won't you take a chair?"

"Thank you, yes." And he proceeded in a leisurely way to divest himself of his cloak, peering round him as he unwound the heavy cape and unbuckled the collar, until he had taken in the room and its occupant. She was what I call a pretty woman—a slight little body with tender black eyes, and black hair brushed smoothly round her forehead, and slightly sprinkled with gray. Her face was care-worn but pleasant. She was ill dressed—not untidily, but carelessly and without taste. Her sleeves were stripped up above the wrist, and she wore a short apron, to which bits of thread and the ravelings of cloth adhered. A sewing-machine stood near the window, beside which lay a garment that she was making, and had dropped when she heard the knock.

"I fear I interrupt you, Mrs. Gannett?"

"Not a bit. But excuse me a minute while I rake the stove."

Snatching a poker, she kneeled before the stove in question, which was red-hot on top, and odorous with something baking in the oven, and raked the grate vigorously. This done, she removed her apron and turned down her sleeves.

"I hardly know how to begin what I have to say," remarked her visitor, who had watched her movements with a curious smile; "but, as I said, I am acquainted with your friend Mrs. Watkins."

"I hope she is well."

"She was when I saw her last, and she wished to be remembered to you. She is a sort of client of mine—in the Roman sense at least—and it is in consequence of a conversation with her that I have come to see you."

"Are you a lawyer? I thought you might be a minister, from your white cravat."

"Allow me to introduce myself as Josiah Skinner—a good name for a lawyer, isn't it?"

"I hope Martha hasn't been tattling of me and my affairs?" She spoke distrustfully.

"Nothing to your disadvantage," he answered, gravely.

"She couldn't, if she told the truth."

"Let us understand each other, Mrs. Gannett. I did not come here to pry into your affairs, of which Mrs. Watkins has told me nothing, but to see if I can not be of service to you and your children. You have children?—I think Mrs. Watkins said so."

"Two," she replied, stiffly, as if she had a grudge against Mrs. Watkins.

"You do not object to my—what shall I say?—to my benefiting your children—if I can?"

"I can take care of them myself, Sir."

"I see that, Mrs. Gannett. You are a brave woman, and a proud. I respect pride, but it may be carried too far. I do not say yours is. But you are not listening to me."

It is true she was not listening at that moment. She sat in a low rocking-chair, with her hands folded, and her eyes fixed on vacancy. How could he benefit her and her children? was the question she put to herself. Had any of the Gannetts died and left property? They had none to leave. Was her brother dead? She would have heard of it if he were. What did he mean?

"I am sorry to disturb you, Mrs. Gannett, but if you will answer a few questions which, with your leave, I will put to you, you will no longer distrust me, I think. As I said before—or meant to, if I did not—I am here to serve you, if you will let me."

She roused herself.

"Your maiden name was Gurney—Miss Ann Gurney. You are a daughter of the late John Gurney, of the firm of 'Gurney & Co.,' India and China merchants. You have a brother named John, and a sister named Judith, who married a Trevor. I am right so far?"

She nodded.

"Your father died about thirty years ago, and left a large estate. Do you know its value?"

"I do not."

"Did it never occur to you to inquire? Do you not know the value of money?"

"I did not then, though I have learned it since. Brother John took care of us after father died. We wanted for nothing."

"This brother of yours inherited the whole estate, eh? He was a lucky man. You were a girl then; you are a woman and a mother now. What do you think of him? And what do you think of your father for leaving every thing to him? Was it right?"

She started to her feet with flashing eyes.

"Mr. Skinner, I will not hear a word against my father. He was a good man, and I shall never cease to love him—never! never!"

"You are excited," remarked her visitor, coolly; "and you entirely mistake me. I have not spoken against your father; far from it. I am the last man on earth who should. I knew him well in his lifetime, and I respect his memory deeply."

"You have a queer way of showing it," she observed, bitterly.

"It is my misfortune that I am a blunt man. Besides, I really think the will an unjust one."

"We will not discuss that. I am satisfied."

"We will not discuss it, then. But your brother—why did he do nothing for you after your father's death—after you were married? Your husband was not rich, I take it."

"I am not fond of talking of my family affairs; but as you wish to serve me—I don't see how—I will answer your questions. My brother was displeased with me because I married against his wishes. He wanted me to marry a rich man, and I accepted a poor one. But Mr. Gannett was not so poor after all, for he was the captain of a ship, and"—she hesitated, in a womanly way—"he loved me."

"And for this your brother cast you off? He was wrong. He may have justified himself at the time; but he could not now. He was wrong, very wrong."

"So I think; though I don't know how I would behave if my Ruth should disappoint me—as I did him."

"Not like him, I know. But surely you have not a daughter old enough to be married?"

"No; though I was married myself at her age. Ruth is too young."

"What a pretty name Ruth is!"

"It was my mother's, Sir," she said, with a sigh.

He waited for her to recover herself, and continued, "Your other child—"

"Is a boy—I might say a man, he is so nearly of age. Reuben will be twenty-one in March."

"An odd name. I don't remember it among the Gurneys."

"It was his grandfather Gannett's. His father's name was Richard—Captain Richard Gannett."

"If Master Reuben or Miss Ruth is at home, I should like to see them, if you have no objection."

"Do gentlemen like you imagine that women like me permit their children to grow up in idleness? We make them work. We can not live without work. We have to work early and late to live."

"And who does not, with head or hands?" he inquired, blandly, detecting in her voice that irritation which the poor can not but feel when they compare their own lot with the supposed lot of others. "I do, and have for years—more years than you have seen, Mrs. Gannett. You have done wisely in teaching your children to labor. They will reward you for it."

She was mollified, perhaps ashamed.

"Ruth is in a milliner's shop, and Reuben is learning a moulder's trade. He works on the next corner, at Jackman's foundry. Next spring he will be out of his time." She paused a moment, and resumed: "I have answered your questions; now answer mine. What can you do for my children?"

"I have so far interested her as to gain the information I sought," he said to himself; "but she comes back to the starting-point. She is sharper than I thought." Then aloud: "We shall soon come to that. In the mean time let me ask you two or three more questions. Your husband was not poor, I understood you to say. How was it, then, that you were left poor?"

"Captain Gannett was not rich. He was the son of a sea-captain, and, like his father before him, had to make his way in the world; and he did. At first he shipped before the mast. Soon he was a mate. When he married me he was the captain of the brig *Royal Arch.*"

"Did he have a share in her? Was he one of the owners, I mean?"

"Yes."

"To what amount?"

"I don't know."

"You should have learned at the time."

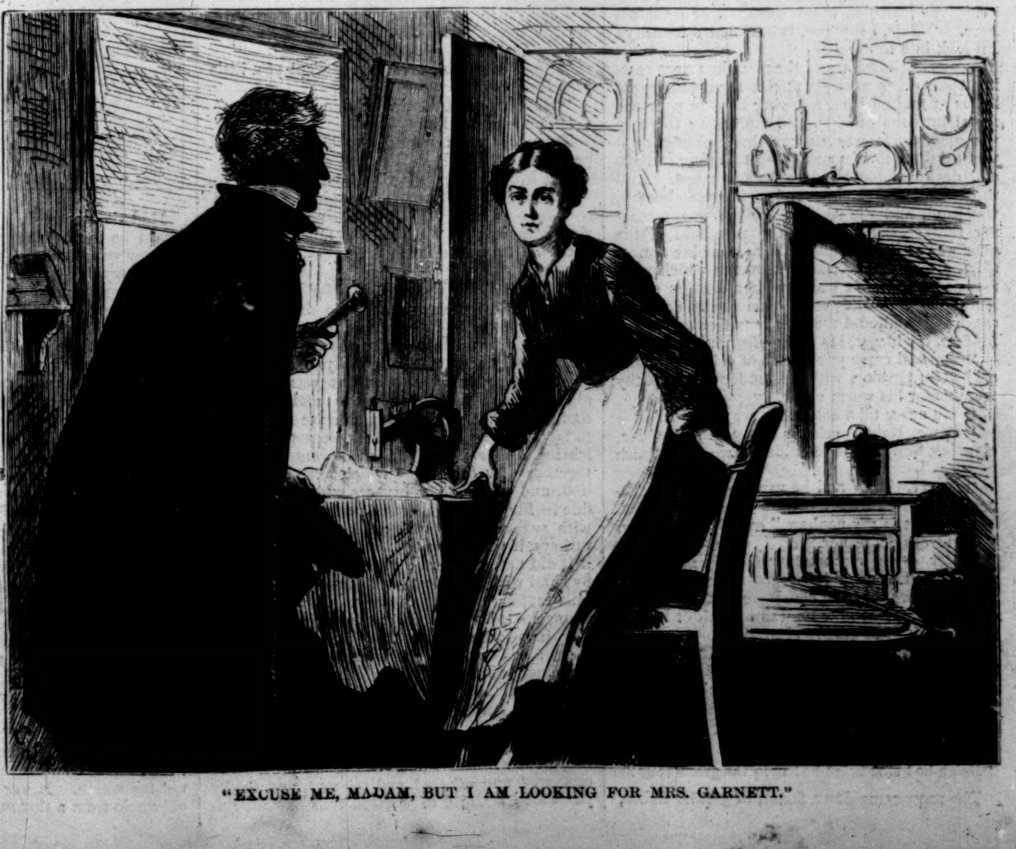
"I could not. When the news came that he was lost, I went to the owners, but I got no satisfaction."

"What did they say?"

"That there was nothing coming to me—that I had drawn more than I ought to. I don't remember what else, for I was distracted with my husband's death and the thought of my children. Ruth was a baby not three months old."

"Poor thing!" he exclaimed, with a tremulous voice. "But had you no friends?—no one to advise you, to take your part, to act in your stead?"

"No; my husband's family never liked me—



"EXCUSE ME, MADAM, BUT I AM LOOKING FOR MRS. GARNETT."

except his father. I was too much of a lady for them. Think of it?" She laughed nervously, and held out her little hands, hardened by years of the coarsest labor.

"Mrs. Gannett, there was foul play somewhere—where, I mean to discover."

"There was; but one of the owners was paid for his share of it—he was struck dumb."

"You amaze me, madam."

"God palsied his lying tongue. It was a judgment on him for robbing me and my children."

She set her teeth firmly, and an implacable light shot up into her tender eyes, consuming their tears.

"You shock me."

He rose and walked about uneasily.

"You shall have justice done you—justice. Who were the owners of the vessel? Do you remember their names? Why did you not write to your brother at the time?"

"You forget that he had cast me off."

"Still he was your brother, and you should have gone to him in your trouble."

"I wrote him, but he would not answer me."

"Perhaps he did not receive your letter."

"It is of no consequence now; I lived through it all—no thanks to him."

"He did not get your letter, I say."

"Why not, pray?" she asked, sneeringly.

"Because there was more foul play. I am sure of it. John Gurney is a hard man, but he is not a brute. I don't like him; but I am sure your letter never reached him. He will tell you so himself, and you will believe him."

"I will believe him."

"Thank you—for him. I say further that he shall right you. He is rich, and he shall help you and your children."

"No."

"He shall, and you shall let him. I will have it so."

He spoke in a passion, as it seemed.

"And I say '*no!*' I will not have my brother troubled on my account. He is growing old, and has been very sick. Mrs. Watkins fears he will not live long."

"She is a fool! He will live for years. But he shall smart for his neglect of you."

The little woman was roused again.

"Mr. Skinner—if that is your name—I dislike you. You have tried to set me against my father and brother, but you have failed. You found me happy, and you leave me wretched. You are a bad man, and you shall never darken my doors again."

"You will think better of it," he observed, as he rose to depart. "Let me send you my card."

"Go—Sir."

"Certainly; but I will send you our card."

"*Go!*" And she pointed to the door.

He stood with his cloak on, and his hat and cane in his hand. "Good-afternoon, Ann. Any word for Martha?"

She shut the door in his face, and he groped his way down stairs, chuckling.

"Poor girl!"

The afternoon had deepened, and it was nearly dark. The snow, which had ceased at noon, was falling again in large flakes, that were blown hither and thither. They lodged on his cloak, but he shook them off occasionally, looking about him as he did so, to make sure that he remembered the way he had come. "Confound these glasses!" he exclaimed; "I can't see through them now." When fairly out of Constable's Block he stopped and removed them. What a difference they made in his looks! He was no longer the grave, passionless man that he had been, but a brisk and hearty old gentleman. No longer inquisitive Mr. Skinner, but satisfied John Gurney.

A sudden glare of light struck the windows of a low building on the corner, and blinded him. He stumbled against a pile of iron boxes piled on the walk, but at once recovered himself, with a strong expression which need not be set down here. "This, I suppose, is Jackman's foundry; I'll look in a minute."

It was Jackman's, and the moulders were casting their day's work—stalwart men with great ladles of molten iron, stopping here to pour the metal into the moulds, and stumbling there in the gloom. It was darker than midnight; it was brighter than noonday—a mingling of light and darkness too vivid to be described. And through all rose the mist and steam of the heated, wet sand, and the whir of the fan in the roaring furnace. Seated on the threshold of the door was a slight young fellow, in a blue flannel shirt, and a pair of coarse trowsers which were fastened about his waist with a leather strap. Bareheaded, and his shirt open at the neck, he sat in the wind, and the sweat ran from his brow, his face, his breast, his arms—from all over him.

"You will catch your death of cold, my man," said John Gurney, with a shudder of sympathy from under his warm cloak.

"We never take cold when we cast off."

"Come, Rube," cried a begrimed moulder, clapping him on the shoulder, "we must finish pouring."

"Ready, Sam," and he vanished in the darkness within.

"So that is my nephew," said John Gurney. "He favors his father."

Under other circumstances he would have waited until he could have seen more of the lad; at least he would have considered what he could do for him. But now he was too full of his sister to think of any body else.

"Poor little Ann! It was a shame to tease her so."

He did not seem to regret it much, however, for he smiled and smiled as he strode on, and hummed the burden of an old song which sang itself in his mind—

> "Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly!"

The snow came down faster, in greater flakes, that lay where they fell. It was making in the sloppy streets, and it was making on him and on those he passed—the hundreds who brushed against him and hurried past him as he plodded along leisurely.

"She's as good as gold," he murmured, still thinking of sister Ann. "I wonder if Judith intercepted her letter."

A mile of poor neighborhoods, and he approached a better one—a short Place which intersected the main thoroughfare, and was usually crowded at this hour with mechanics and shop-girls, who made it a short cut to the river streets. It was empty that night.

Not quite. For as he was crossing the street he noticed a woman coming toward him, and three men going toward her. They were talking noisily, and one was unsteady in his gait. Not liking their looks, he hurried up behind them, rapidly freeing his right arm from the cloak.

The woman turned aside to let them pass, when one darted suddenly forward and seized her by the shoulder.

"Let the mort be," said one of his companions.

"Nary a let!" and he dragged her toward him roughly.

"Be off, you scoundrel!" cried John Gurney, raising his cane.

"*What?*" He leered at him in a drunken way.

A heavy blow on his hand was the only answer. It was a sharp one, though, for it loosened his grip.

"Here, my child"—he saw at a glance that she was a young girl—"I will protect you." And he placed himself before her.

The rough chafed his fingers, and consigned himself and the "mort" and the "bloke" and his "pals" to perdition.

"Travel, old un—travel," suggested the least brutal of the three, "or there'll be a mischief done ye."

"Let me mash him!"

But now a new actor appeared on the scene, and stepped before John Gurney and his charge.

"Beg your pardon, Sir; but take care of the lady, and I'll settle him."

He did not look as if he could do it; for, though he was young and well built, he was a dwarf beside his antagonist, who towered above him, with a huge bull neck, broad chest, and fists like sledge-hammers.

They put up their hands at once and struck at each other, the one savagely, the other warily. They parried and struck again, and the ruffian went down with a thud.

"Let us see it out, my dear!" John Gurney was excited and delighted, for, old as he was, there was young blood in his veins.

The brute picked himself up, and his fellows drew farther off to give him more room. "Won't he fetch him now?" "Oh, I guess not!" were their sarcastic remarks.

He seemed to think so himself, for he struck out again, and more savagely than before, full in the face of his enemy, who suddenly ducked under and gave him a tremendous upper cut, which lifted him off his feet.

He picked himself up again, sullen and dangerous.

"Now for it!" thought John Gurney, who watched him narrowly, prepared to take part in the fight if it was necessary.

"Go in, Bull!"

The Bull rushed in, not with his hoofs raised, but with his head down, plunging against his master. It was a clever dodge, but it failed; for a knee driven up into his face and a tremendous left-hander between the eyes tumbled him over backward.

"The cops! Bingavast in the darkmans!"

His seconds took to their heels and left him—dead, for all they knew or cared.

"Now, my dear," said John Gurney; but the girl had vanished. He turned to his new friend. "Sir, I thank you. You have done me a great service."

"Don't mention it. I was in want of a little practice."

"Here is my card, Sir. Come and see me."

"You are very kind."

They touched their hats to each other and parted.

"A brave young fellow!" thought the elder.

"A nice old gentleman!" thought the younger.

"Who is he?" said John Gurney as he hurried homeward. "His face is familiar to me. I know I have seen it before."

GURNEY & CO. AT HOME.

It was Christmas-eve, and the thoroughfares that lead to such neighborhoods as Constable's Block were crowded. The crowds were made up of poor people, who were enjoying themselves for one night in the year. It was Saturday night as well as Christmas-eve, and they had their Sunday marketing as well as their presents to buy. Fathers and mothers went to market, leaving their children at home—went to market together with full purses which were soon emptied, and with empty baskets which were soon filled—filled with sirloin and porter-house steaks, with sugar, raisins, and crackers, and with fat turkeys, if the money held out, and with chickens if it did not. But no; the turkeys were carried by hand with their long necks dangling, and their bills tapping on the pavement. But besides the stomachs to be filled on the morrow, there were stockings to be filled that night, hanging at the foot of beds and on the backs of chairs—little stockings belonging to little folks, who lay awake with expectation, and dropped asleep late to dream of Santa Claus coming down chimney with his arms full of toys. So they strolled from the markets to the toy-shops—fathers and mothers, elder brothers and sisters, and priced and chaffered and selected and rejected, and finally purchased a world of wooden dolls and tin soldiers, little tables and wee dishes, and whole orchestras of drums, trumpets, and whistles. Nor did they forget to visit the confectioners, who drove a brisk trade in taffy, pea-nut, and molasses, and in variegated broken candies. One saw then why the men wore over-coats with such roomy pockets, and why both men and women were so cheery. They were making their children happy; they were thinking of the days when they were children; they were touched by the spirit of the time. They were keeping Christmas-eve.

It was Christmas-eve, and the great thoroughfare that branches through such neighborhoods as Burlington Row was crowded. The crowd was made up of rich people, who were enjoying themselves, I suppose, though not so heartily as their poor neighbors. There was no marketing to be done, for one thing—the servants had attended to that: there were no toys to be purchased, for they had been sent home in the afternoon, and were already arranged on the Christmas-tree, which was soon to be lighted up. There might have been, though, an errand or two to be done. Perhaps the classic bronze statuette had gone astray, the cuckoo clock had flown elsewhere. Perhaps the diamond ear-rings were not so brilliant as they expected, and there was still time to change them for the solitaire; or the bracelets were inferior to the other pair, which they thought they could not afford, though of course they could, and would now, if they were not gone. There is no end of errands which can be made on Christmas-eve. Splendor and Beauty and Pleasure sing to us then in the streets—

> "Sing to our spirits ditties of no tone,"

melodies of color and form, epithalamiums in gold and gems and flowers, and bacchic songs in the generous vintages of Champagne and Burgundy. Most artful of sirens, who can resist your enchantments—on Christmas-eve?

It was Christmas-eve, and John Gurney was at home. Not in Gurney Place, as of late years, but in the old house which was formerly the winter residence of the family. It stood in what was once the fashionable neighborhood, Amity Avenue, and what was still a good one; a wide, well-swept street, to which faded Gentility clung, refusing to be elbowed out of it by prosperous and ambitious Trade. A large brick mansion, with the old-fashioned fan-light over the door, long windows on each side, with iron balconies, and a court leading to the stable. He was in the parlor of other days, a spacious room, with heavy mahogany doors, and furniture resembling that described in Gurney Place. He stood with his back to the fire which was blazing on the hearth—stood like a host waiting the arrival of his guests. A bit of a dandy in his youth, he was behind the time as regards dress, for he wore a blue coat with brass buttons, a flowered silk neck-cloth, and embroidered vest, with tight trowsers and shoes. Add to this a clumsy chain with heavy seals of red gold, and a large seal ring on his finger, and we have the man sartorially. For the man himself, we have seen what he was, so far; outwardly calm, he was inwardly anxious and expectant; so much so, that he had been walking up and down the room like an impatient sentinel who wonders why he is not relieved. He rose early that morning, and dispatched two messengers—one to Burlington Row, with a broad envelope, addressed,

"*Mr. Hugh Trevor & Family;*"

the other to Constable's Block, with a similar envelope, addressed,

"*Mrs. Ann Gannett & Family.*"

Each contained this card:

Gurney & Co.,
At Home.
Christmas-eve.
Amity Avenue.

Had they been delivered correctly, and what would be the result? It was of this that John Gurney was thinking; this was the problem that he was trying to solve. And naturally enough, when we remember that it was this alone which had brought him to town, and made him hunt up his sisters after his long estrangement. He wanted to be at home once more with his kindred; no longer John Gurney lonely and discontented, but happy John Gurney, the head of the family as well as the house, which would soon, perhaps, have somebody besides himself to represent its mythical "Co." Did he want too much?

The bell rang while he stood musing by the fire, and the colored servant who answered it returned with a card on which was his own name—"*Mr. John Gurney.*"

"Why do you bring me this? Who gave it to you?"

"Genelman at the door, Sah."

"Ask him what it means."

"He said, Sah, you gaved it to him, and tole him to call."

"Ah! I remember. Say I am engaged to-night, but will be glad to see him to-morrow."

The servant returned with a second card.

"'*Mr. John Gurney Trevor.*' Show him in at once."

A young gentleman entered whom John Gurney immediately recognized.

"I knew I had seen you before, but I could not tell where. It was little Jack who saved his old uncle from a thrashing."

"I don't know that, Sir, but I am Jack. Little Jack, if you will."

"How you have grown! What a stout fellow you are! A real Gurney! Give me your hand."

They shook hands heartily.

"Where did you learn to handle your bunch of fives so well? I am afraid you hurt our friend the other night."

"Not much—not so much as the papers said. They reported our little 'mill' the next morning:

"'DANGEROUS ASSAULT.—As Mr. William Bullock, the noted English pugilist of Birmingham, known in the annals of the P. R. as the Brummagem Bull, was proceeding quietly on his way alone last evening through Short Cut Place, he was assaulted by a crowd of ruffians. He defended himself bravely, but, being disabled at the commencement by a slung-shot in the hands of one of the desperadoes, he was eventually obliged to succumb to numbers. The perpetrators of this outrage were a gang of roughs, instigated to their dastardly work by the backers of the Chicago Chicken, who is soon to meet Mr. Bullock in the arena. The police are on their track.'

"What do you think of that, Sir, as a specimen of reporting? You, I suppose, were the hoary desperado with the slung-shot—viz., your cane—and myself the remainder of the gang. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Very," said John Gurney, with a laugh. "But where are the others, Jack? I sent a card to the house this morning, inviting you all to meet me here to-night. You got it?"

"It came, Sir," answered his nephew, soberly.

"They are coming?"

No answer.

"They are not coming, then?" John Gurney's face fell as he said this. "I am very, very sorry. I hoped my advances toward a reconciliation would have been met kindly. Your father—"

"Is in Washington," hastening to exculpate his father from blame.

"Your mother?"

"Uncle John, your card reached us while we were at breakfast. Mother said she wouldn't come, and Percy said she should. They were squabbling over it when I left the table, and I have not seen them since. We are a bad lot, Sir; and the less you have to do with us the better."

"I won't believe it. Your mother is angry with me about something, but she'll come round. I wish she had come round to-night."

"So do I, Sir."

The tone of his voice touched his uncle, who answered, cheerfully, "Well, when we can't have what we would we must have what we can. You are here; that's something; the others will follow in time. But tell me, John—is your father as prosperous as he seems?"

"I suppose so, but really I don't know. I haven't much head for business, Percy says. *He* has. Mother declares that he has made us what we are. If I ask, 'Who did this?' 'Percy did it.' If I ask, 'Who will do that?' 'Percy will do it.' It is all Percy with her. You didn't meet him the other day?"

"No. Your mother said I ought to know him. What do you say?"

"I don't think much of any of the Trevors," he said, lightly. "But Percy is smart, and always was, though something of a prig. Proper, moral, and all that, with a horror of slang. But, Uncle John"—he spoke very gravely now—"I have neglected to thank you for one thing; and as none of us has had the grace to recognize it, let me do so. My poor sister—God bless you, Sir, for your kindness to her."

The tears came into his eyes, and he was not ashamed of them. His uncle took his hand and squeezed it silently.

The door-bell rang again, and again the servant answered it.

"Mrs. Cannot, Sah, and her family."

"Ann!"

"John!"

"Here!" he cried, with emotion. He drew her toward him, and strained her to his heart. "Forgive me, sister, forgive me." He patted her head as he used to do when she was a girl, and shut his eyes to keep the tears back, but the rebellious drops would fall.

She was the first to break the silence.

"This is Ruth, John." And she led toward him a pretty little woman, who timidly extended her fingers.

"Good-evening, my dear."

"And this is Reuben."

Reuben bowed stiffly, but refused to be led up.

"Good-evening, Mr. Gannett," said John Gurney, coldly. Then remembering himself he turned to his other nephew and namesake. "I beg your pardon. Ann, this is your nephew John—Judith's son."

"Good-evening, aunt."

"Your cousin—Ruth."

He started, but bowed politely.

"Mr. Gannett," indicating him.

"I am happy to meet you, Sir."

Mr. Gannett bowed stiffly again, but said nothing. There was a look of dissatisfaction in his face which he took no pains to conceal. He cast his eye round him furtively, and every thing upon which it fell appeared to irritate him. He was especially irritated with his cousin—why, it would have puzzled him to tell. Perhaps it was because he was so well dressed and so well bred. A sense of their inferiority to the rich is one of the penalties which the poor have to pay for being poor, and Reuben Gannett was paying his penalty—settling in a moment the accumulated debt of years.

"Mother," whispered Ruth, turning her head in the direction of her cousin, "that was the gentleman."

"Don't you remember her, Sir?" inquired Jack of his uncle.

"Now that I look at her carefully—yes. Why, my dear, we have met before."

"Yes, uncle."

"You know this gentleman?"

"Yes, indeed," she answered, eagerly.

"Talk together, then, young folks," he remarked, dryly; "for we elders have something to say to each other." He pushed Jack toward his cousin, and seated himself beside his sister. The two young people obeyed, as in duty bound, but the talk was mostly on the side of the gentleman. It was agreeable, because she looked pleased, and confidential, because she cast down her eyes and blushed. Nobody paid any attention to Reuben, who pretended to interest himself with his grandfather's portrait.

"Have you forgiven me, Ann?" asked John Gurney, in a low tone. "And have you settled what reparation I shall make you? Mr. Skinner was serious in what he said."

"John, John!" laughing and sighing in the same breath, "how could you play such a trick on me?"

"I wanted to see if you remembered me. And you didn't, Ann, you didn't."

He took her hand and fondled it.

"Brother," exclaimed Ruth, "come here!" He hesitated. "Come here, I say; I want you." She frowned charmingly, and tapped her foot on the carpet. He came at that.

"Reuben, I want you to thank Cousin John for rescuing me; it was he who pounded the ruffian so."

If Reuben Gannett disliked his cousin, as he fancied, he loved his sister, and was grateful to the man who had stood between her and harm. Besides, he had a great respect for personal prowess.

"I thank you, cousin, more than I can say."

His aversion to John Trevor vanished, but it was succeeded by a greater aversion to John Gurney.

"Come, mother," he said at last.

She looked up at him in surprise. John Gurney looked at him curiously.

"Come, sis; it is growing late."

But neither his sister nor his mother stirred.

"Mr. Gurney, we have to thank you for making our acquaintance at this late day. It is a great honor."

"Say a great pleasure—to me, Mr. Gannett."

They confronted each other with determination—a hard-headed man of the world and a soft-hearted, inexperienced boy. It was easy to see with whom the victory would rest.

"Mr. Gurney, we ought to feel obliged to you, I suppose, and my mother and sister do; but I do not. Why you sought us out is best known to yourself. If it was to see how your poor relations live, you succeeded; if it was to help us, permit me to say it is not needed."

"No?" asked John Gurney.

"You coolly severed a sacred tie when it was distasteful to you, and you as coolly propose to renew it when it suits you. I admire the airs you rich people give yourselves, the confidence you have in the power of your money."

"Yes?"

"There was a time when you might have helped us. It was when my father was lost, and my mother was left a widow—a helpless young thing, I have heard, with two little helpless children. What she endured neither of us know; but she has not forgotten. I remember her first as a pale woman in black, holding me in her lap at Gran'ther Gannett's, teaching me how to spell. She folded my hands at sunset as we sat by the fire, and I repeated after her a little hymn. How did it run, mother?

"'The day is past and gone—'"

"Reuben!" interposed his mother.

"Things became confused after that," he continued. "I am not expected to live, but I do. Then sis is sick. We go to school together with a little dinner-basket, and a larger boy whips me. Don't you recall it, Ruth? Next we are living with some of the Gannetts, and mother, they tell me, is in a factory. I ask what a factory is, and they take me one day to see her. In a large, close loft full of machinery—shafts revolving overhead, with belts on their wheels, and long spinning-frames with rows of whirling spindles and spools—clatter, noise, and the sense of smothering with dust. You must have worked very hard there, mother?"

"Don't, Reuben!"

"But that winter in Boston—that was the worst of all. I shall never forget it as long as I live, though I was not old enough to realize it then as I do now. A little old house in a dark street. We lived in the second story—the garret. How well I remember it—the steep stairs, the rough rafters, the bedroom in which we huddled! You made shirts, drawers, overalls—whatever is given out to seamstresses from sailors' slop-shops. You often worked all night, I have heard you say—all night long. It was the winter I had the rheumatism so badly that you had to lift me in and out of bed. I was not worth it, mother—I was not worth it. I should have died then, and you would have been spared a world of trouble."

"Is this true, Ann?" asked her brother.

"True!" demanded Reuben Gannett; "you know it is true. What have I to gain by lying—to you? I want you to know what your sister, my mother, has suffered. I want it brought home to you and to her—to you, that you may feel what you have done; to her, that she may not be fooled into an easy forgiveness."

"Reuben! Reuben!" begged the poor woman, anxiously.

"Let him go on, Ann."

"I mean to go on. But I will say nothing more of mother, since it pains her. I speak of myself now. Look at me, Mr. Gurney. I am your own flesh and blood—a man, I suppose, like yourself and my cousin John. What chance have I ever had to be or do any thing? How I have grown up, you know; but not all. I have sold matches in the streets; I have been an errand-boy in stores; I have been in a lawyer's office, in a broker's office, in a tailor's shop; I have kept a pie-stand on the wharves; I have worked at a forge; I have painted chairs; I have varnished coaches; I have done almost every thing, that we might live. What I do now you know, for you saw me at work."

"I did, and felt for you."

"Thank you, Sir." He looked less sullen as he said this—looked, in fact, as if he were surprised at an expression of sympathy from his uncle. "Understand me, I have no fault to find. I am willing and able to work, and always expect to. I only wish I was not quite so low down in the scale. I begin to think I am something of an aristocrat in my way, as mother is in hers. I suppose I get it from my father."

"He was a good man, Reuben," she said.

"So he was, Ann, if he did marry you in spite of me," replied John Gurney.

The sullenness left Reuben Gannett's face. His uncle was not so hard-hearted after all, for he had spoken well of his father. He pulled from his pocket a bundle of his father's letters—old, clumsily folded epistles, yellow with time, and tattered with many readings. "See what he wrote, uncle."

"It is the first time he has called me uncle," thought John Gurney.

"He mentions me. 'I have nothing to send you better than my love, and that you must give a part of to Reuben. I had no time to get him any thing yesterday.' No; that is not the letter I wanted.

"'My dear Wife,—These few lines, which I write in haste, will inform you that I am now about ready for sea. Shall probably sail in the morning. The most that I have to send you is my love and good wishes. I trust you will not think light of it. These eight dollars are all I have to send you. I want you to make the best of them.'"

"Let me see that letter," remarked John Gurney.

He ran his eye over it hastily, until his attention was arrested by a paragraph which his nephew had not read.

"Mr. Gannett, I have a few words to say to you. Step this way." And he went to an old desk in a corner of the room, where they might converse unheard.

"In a minute, Sir," answered Reuben, and crossed the room to where his mother was sitting, in no enviable frame of mind. "Don't worry, mother;" and he kissed her; "it will all come right."

"How could you, Reuben—how could you?"

He turned to his sister and Jack Trevor. "Sis," he whispered in her ear, "what do you think of him?" Then, in an under-tone to Jack, "Isn't she nice?" Before either could reply he was seated beside his uncle.

"Mr. Gannett, you have given me a lesson to-night which I may or may not have deserved. I have taken it kindly, have I not?" He bowed. "I am about to say something to you, and I hope you will take it as it is meant. You think I have been hard upon your mother. I have. But she has forgiven me, as you must, for her sake, if not my own. You can not know—you are too young to know—how she pained and wounded me by her marriage—a marriage which I thought unsuitable to her, and would have prevented if I could. I thought at the time your father married her for money. I am willing to believe now that I was mistaken. I think I was. You think I did nothing for your father, but you are wrong. I will prove it to you." He opened a small drawer in the desk, and selected a paper from it. "Read that."

"*Received from John Gurney, Esq., Five Thousand Dollars.*

"Richard Gannett."

"Mother!" And Reuben Gannett sprang to his feet in astonishment.

"Silence, boy!" exclaimed his uncle.

"Mother, Uncle John and I are beginning to understand one another."

"I hope so, dearie."

"Nephew," said the old man, gravely, "you see how easy it is to be mistaken. I sent your father that money, at his request, as freely as if he had been my own brother. He wanted it, he wrote me, to purchase a share in the ship he sailed in. What became of it? you ask. From what your mother has told me he either did not own the share she supposed, or she was cheated out of it. There is a passage in this letter of your father's which has set me thinking." He read it in a whisper: "'I bought your ten tickets yesterday. The lottery is now drawing. You can find out in a week whether you have drawn blanks or the great prize.' I don't like that, I say."

"Nor I, Sir." Reuben Gannett leaned his head on his hand with the feeling that perhaps his father had not been, after all, the perfect being that he had always believed; that it was possible that he might have squandered his money in foolish attempts to get rich suddenly.

"You think, then, uncle—"

"I fear—not think. If your father owned a share in the lost ship it may be recovered. I have the matter in hand. And now"—he rose, as did his nephew—"what is it to be between us—peace or war? Will you let your mother love me, if she can; and will you and your sister try to like a gruff old man?"

"We will, uncle; we do!"

"Well, Ann," observed John Gurney, "Reuben and I have made up our differences."

"Yes, mother. Uncle John has concluded to forgive me for playing the indignant son, if you will forgive him for playing the disguised brother—eh, uncle?"

At this juncture of affairs a colored gentleman looked in at the door solemnly.

"We's ready, Mr. Gurney."

"So are we. Ann, with me; John, you and your cousin Ruth; you, Reuben, are banished to the rear."

Sister Ann took brother John's arm, and a nice couple they made; she in her black silk and lace cap, and he in his blue coat and brass buttons. Cousin Ruth took cousin John's arm, and a nicer couple they made; she in her little ruffles and ribbons, and he in dress-coat and white vest. Reuben took nobody's arm; but he made one of a couple, nevertheless, for his better self was with him!

The folding-doors opening disclosed a cozy room, in which supper was spread. The table shone and glowed with silver and glass and quaint old china, and vases of rare flowers from the conservatory at Gurney Place. Just to look at it was to feel hungry, it was so loaded with good things—with tureens of stewed oysters, flanked by slices of bread and tongue, with oysters scalloped and broiled, with boned turkeys, cold chickens, and a whole grove of celery. There were glasses by every plate; white glasses, green glasses, purple glasses, glasses of all colors, for all kinds of wine. There were wine-coolers in a corner; there were urns of tea and coffee; there were waiters in abundance. And there, Ann saw, was Martha Watkins and her husband; and there, John saw, was his sister Elizabeth, pale but beautiful. "Excuse me a minute," he said to his cousin Ruth; and going to his sister, he kissed her before the whole company. "Oh, my dear! oh, my dear!"

"Come, come, be seated!" said John Gurney, briskly. "Here, Ann, by me, on the right; Elizabeth on the left (don't cry, dear, it will spoil all!); and Reuben between Mr. and Mrs. Watkins—to keep them from falling out."

When they were seated he rapped on the table with his knife.

"My friends, I am glad to see you here. It is long since we have met in this way; indeed, some of us never met so before. That shall not happen again, if I can help it. I have many things to say, but the presence of certain ebony gentlemen is an impediment to freedom of speech. We had best keep our family matters to ourselves. I began to think one time to-night that this little gathering would not come off. But it has paid to wait. And it is never too late to mend. I know what you would like to say, Mr. Watkins, let me say it for you:

> 'While yet the lamp holds out to burn,
> The vilest sinner may return!'

God bless you, my friends! God bless you!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Jack Trevor, rising in his seat, "I have a toast to propose, and it must be a bumper all round! Ready? Here's John Gurney! God bless him!"

"Jack, I amend that," said his uncle, as he filled his glass. "Here's Gurney & Co.!"

"*Gurney & Co.!*" "*Gurney & Co.!*" "*Hip, hip! hurrah!*"

What more? What more do you want? You want to know how the rest of the characters turned out, and what became of them. Well—if I must. John Gurney took his nephews into the firm, to supply the mythical "Co." so long represented by himself. Ruth and John will make a match of it, I think, though they have not yet done so. Reuben remains a bachelor, and is rather a favorite with his uncle on that account; for, between ourselves, John Gurney has no faith in early marriages. But Percy? Ah! that is the saddest part of it. "Percy did it." He committed a series of clever forgeries, the largest on the house of "Gurney & Co.," and is now serving out his time in State prison, as boyish, as handsome, as proper as ever. It was a terrible blow to his family, especially his father, whom it beggared, and his mother, who has never forgiven him. She suffered less in one way, however, than any of the rest, for she kept the house in Burlington Row, the deed of which had been made out in her name, and which was *not* mortgaged, though she could not remember the fact in her conversation with her brother. She is in Europe, where, it is to be hoped, she will remain until her religion shall become some one of the known forms of Christianity.

And here, for the present, end our dealings with Gurney & Co.

CHARLES DICKENS'S STUDY.

The double page illustration in this Number of the *Weekly* is a faithful representation of the room in which Charles Dickens passed much of his time, and did much of his work. It was his custom to make use on different occasions of three several apartments in his house as work-rooms, just as inclination or convenience dictated. In a secluded part of the shrubbery at Gadshill there stood, as most people know, a *chalet*, given to him by his friend Fechter, and which was sent over from Paris in no less than ninety pieces—all numbered with true French precision, and fitting together like the joints in a puzzle. The upper room in this *chalet* was his ordinary summer study, but as it had no fire-place he could only use it when the weather was warm. In winter he wrote either in his bedroom—at all times, and wherever he lived, a favorite working-place with him—or in this very apartment of which the portrait is before the reader. This was the room which went in the house by the name of the "Study"—a bright, cheerful place, brilliantly lighted by three great windows occupying one side of it, in front of which was the desk at which Dickens sat, undazzled, in such a blaze of light as would have made any body else in the world giddy and bewildered.

Ranged in front of and round about him were a variety of objects, which were always there for his eye to rest on in the intervals of actual writing, and any one of which he would have instantly missed had it been removed. There was a French bronze group which figures in Mr. Fildes's drawing, and which was exceedingly humorous and good, representing a duel with swords fought by a couple of very fat toads, one of them (characterized by that particular buoyancy which belongs to corpulence) in the act of making a prodigious lunge forward, which the other receives in the very middle of his digestive apparatus, and under the influence of which it seems likely that he will satisfy the wounded honor of his opponent by promptly expiring. There was another bronze figure which always stood near the toads, also of French manufacture, and also full of comic suggestion. It was a statuette of a dog-fancier, with a profusion of little dogs stuck under his arms and into his pockets, and every where where little dogs could possibly be insinuated.

Those who have had access to the room in which Dickens wrote, and who have had opportunities of noting the familiar odds and ends of which his desk furniture consisted, will remember many other items in the collection, all of which are now dispersed among his dear friends. There was the long gilt leaf, with the rabbit sitting erect upon its haunches, the huge paper-knife, often held in his hand during his public readings, and the little fresh green cup, ornamented with the leaves and blossoms of the cowslip, in which a few fresh flowers were always placed every morning—for Dickens invariably worked with flowers on his writing-table. Nor must the register of the day of the week and of the month, which stood always before him, be forgotten. Wherever he worked this was on his desk, and when the room in which he wrote his last paragraph was opened, some time after his death, the first thing to be noticed by those who entered was this register, set at "Wednesday, June 8"—the day of his seizure. This sad little record is in the possession of a member of the family, and the date which it registers will never be changed. Of course there were numbers of other small matters on his desk—the usual paraphernalia of an author's most slender stock in trade: the big ink-bottle full of blue ink, the quill pen with which he always wrote, the pencil, the India rubber, and the pin-cushion—that indispensable adjunct to a writing-table, of which every editor knows the value.

The room has been most skillfully and faithfully rendered in the present sketch, which, it may be mentioned, is the production of the artist who was especially selected by Mr. Dickens to illustrate his latest work—a fact which imparts an additional interest to the drawing itself.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Yankee Rights—Patent rights.

Mr. Greeley, on being asked by a Pennsylvania farmer why he didn't write a new work entitled "What I Don't Know of Farming," is said to have replied that life was too short.

Flowers are very warlike in their disposition, and are ever armed with pistils.

A young lady in New Orleans, while playing croquet one scorching afternoon, was son-struck. It was a rich man's son. The marriage is believed to be a happy one.

The chap who took the thread of life to sew the rent of a house has gone West, and invented a patent point for cross-eyed needles.

A writer in one of our religious exchanges says: "I would like to see a thinking department established in our theological schools."

A victim of unrequited affection concludes as follows:

> "I sat me down and thought profound;
> This maxim wise I drew:
> It's easier far to like a girl
> Than make a girl like you."

Fruit for Balloonists—Currents in the air.

A good deal of the consolation offered in the world is about as solacing as the assurance of the man to his wife when she fell into the river: "You'll find ground at the bottom, my dear."

Physical Insanity—A deranged stomach.

At one of the stations on the Chicago and North-western Railway, recently, an anxious inquirer came up to the door of the baggage-car, and said, "Is there any thing for me?" After some search among boxes and trunks the baggage-man rolled out a keg of whisky. "Any thing more?" asked the wet-grocer. "Yes," said the baggage-man; "there's a grave-stone that goes with that liquor." The countenance of the wet-grocer assumed a wrathy appearance, and the car door was shut with a slam.

Financial Illustrations—Drawing checks.

The following complacent Scottish remark upon Bannockburn was made to a splenetic Englishman who had said to a Scottish countryman that no man of taste would think of remaining any time in such a country as Scotland. To which the canny Scot replied, "Tastes differ. I'll tak' ye to a place no far frae Stirling whaur thretty thousand o' yer countrymen ha' been for five hunder years, an' they've nae thocht *o' leavin' yet.*"

The Fruit of Impertinence—Apple-sauce.

Persons who like stale bread should send to Pompeii for it. They have loaves there which were baked eighteen hundred years ago.

A Mental Morsel—A bit of one's mind.

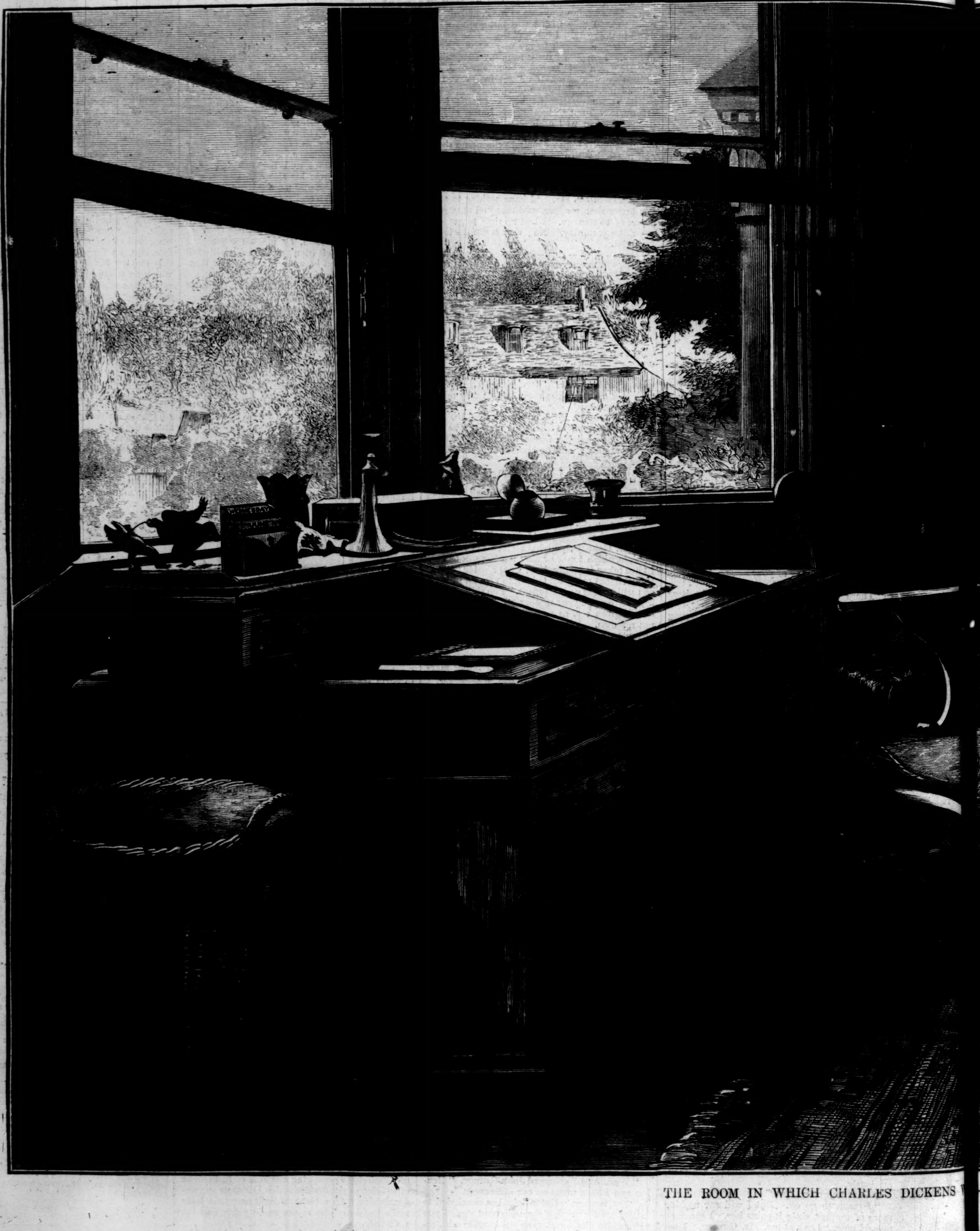
Let a woman once think you unconquerable, and, unless she is unlike all other women, she will still want to conquer you.

A little girl, busy in making a pair of worsted slippers for her father, said to a young companion near her, "You are very lucky, you are; your papa has only got *one* leg."

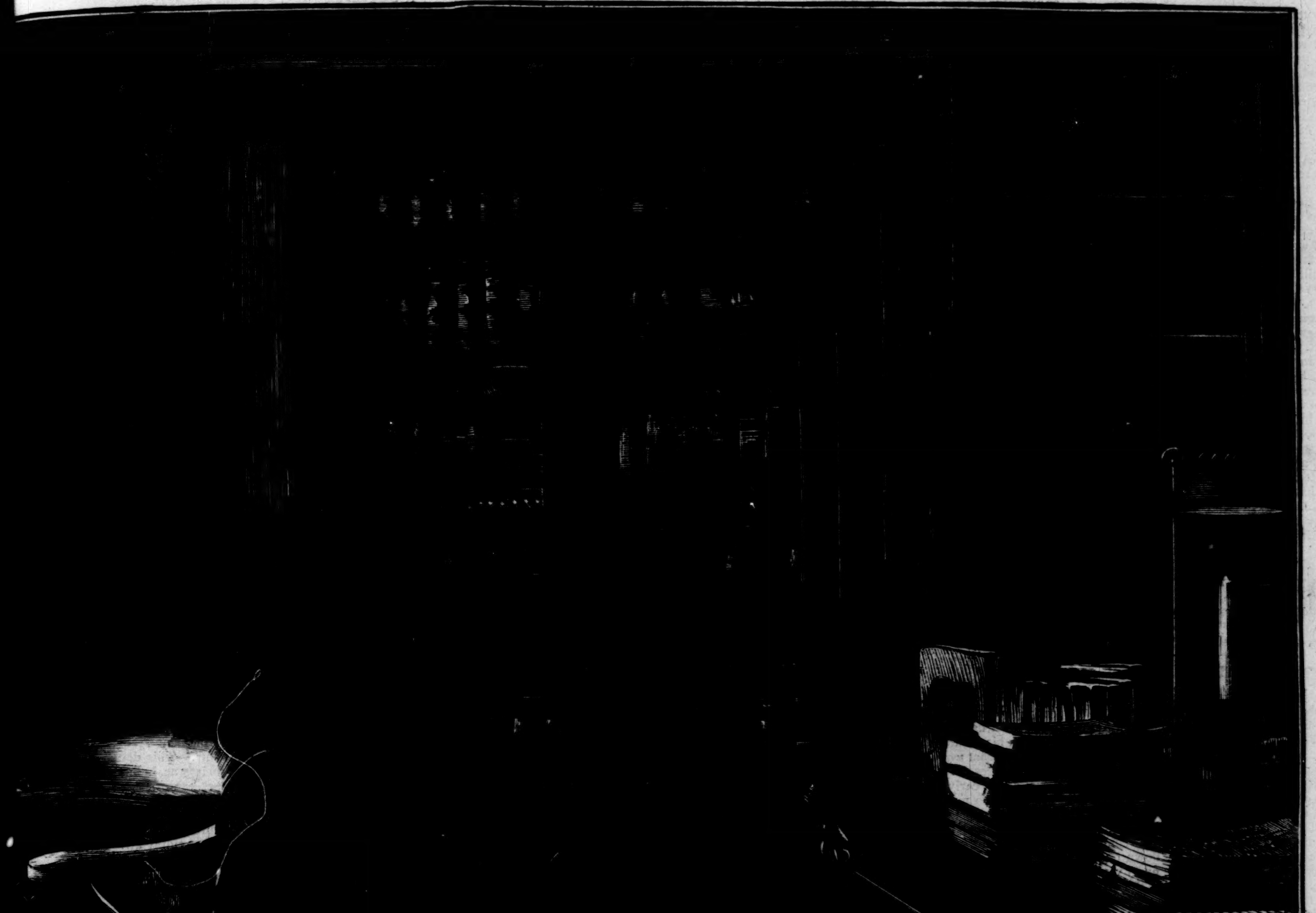
A country dentist advertises that "he spares no pains" to render his operations satisfactory.

The man at the corner has just seen a letter of a life-pill proprietor to one of his best customers, which was ominously signed, "Yours till death."

Why is love always represented as a child?—Because he never reaches the age of discretion.



THE ROOM IN WHICH CHARLES DICKENS W —Fr



—From a Drawing by S. L. Fildes.—[See Page 7.]

EVREUX.

"A COMPLETE change has taken place in the situation at Evreux. The valley of the Eure has been cleared of troops, and the National Guards are repelling the enemy at Evreux. The peasantry assist with much enthusiasm, and actively pursue the Prussians."

Such was the telegram from Tours, November 23, informing the public that the tide of this terrible war had reached another of the beautiful Normandy towns.

A more peaceful and prosperous town than Evreux is rarely seen. The view on page 4 was taken near to the railway station, with the town spreading itself out along the bottom of a valley surrounded by richly cultivated hills.

Evreux, which is of very ancient origin, was once made into a county under the rule of the Dukes of Normandy. Although burned by HENRY I., of England, and plundered and devastated by PHILIPPE-AUGUSTE in the twelfth century, yet it not only recovered itself in the course of time, but became stronger and more powerful than ever. Its fine old Cathedral is prominent from every point of view—its beautiful spire, called the Clocher d'Argent, or Silver Steeple, from the mixture of wood and lead of which it is formed, being 220 feet in height from the ground. This was not built till 1826.

After the Cathedral the church of the ancient abbey of St. Taurin is the most worthy of note, both for its interesting architectural features and for the magnificence of its painted windows.

The belfry, or clock tower, to the left of the Cathedral in the sketch, is of a remarkably elegant form, being square at the base and octagonal for some distance above. The bell hung within it is very ancient, and is now used as an alarm-bell in case of fire in the town or environs.

Throughout the town of Evreux the cleanliness and regularity of the streets are striking peculiarities, and the promenade on the road to Caen, planted with tall poplars, is a grand feature.

Evreux has changed hands several times during the present war, and at latest accounts was occupied by the French, with the Prussians in force at a little town a few miles to the west of the city.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE AT "THE GRAND."

IT is probable that even so energetic a demon as Asmodeus would in these days decline to take the roofs off one of our populous towns to pleasure any mortal. But in default of so vast an operation of trepan, he might now obtain a microcosm of human life by comparatively simple means. In the months of August or September he need only visit one of our fashionable sea-Londons, and lift the highly decorated roof from one of their Grand Hotels. Like a bee-keeper, through his cunning slide of glass, he might then look down on the unconscious human hive, and mark every variety of the species, from the queen-bee to the drone. For in the matter of these huge caravanseras we are becoming less English and more American yearly. Whole families take up their quarters there for the season, or at least a portion of it, as in a home. Within it the whole work or play of society is for the time carried on, independently of the world without. Hundreds of persons dine together daily at its table d'hôte. They dance together in its giant ball-room. They saunter out together to make love or friendship, or to play at croquet—an occupation so entrancing that it seems with some folks to supply the place of both emotions—on its well-trimmed lawns, or on the silver sands that fringe them. As acquaintanceship and contiguity beget familiarity, the Sympathetic coalesce, the Antagonistic withdraw from one another; cliques and coteries are formed; all have their "favorites" and their "aversions;" just as happens in any large family beneath an ordinary roof, and the game of life begins as usual upon the ruins of convention. Picnic-parties are made up at dinner for the morrow, or riding or driving excursions are arranged; over all which matters the fair sex reign supreme. But in the smoking-rooms on the basement these despots are discussed with considerable freedom, and those of their subjects who are most slavish above-stairs are invariably the most audacious beneath. There are often plots and schemes going on, too, of a more serious sort than even the love-makings (which are sometimes very serious also); for with many men pleasure is only a gay cloak for business. Then up in the bachelors' quarters, on the fourth-floor or so, there is a good deal of gambling late at night, when the angels who are fitfully using their ivory hair-brushes before the looking-glass—having sent their poor abigails to bed, for mercy's sake, or in order that they might feed on their sweet thoughts alone—imagine that their swains of the ball-room are dreaming of them.

The abigails themselves, it is probable, are also not without their thoughts. The waiters at *The Grand* are always polyglot, and afford an interesting study; and if it were not for the vulgarity of concerning ourselves with such small people, one might well be tempted to speculate upon what Mary thinks of Signor Saffi, at present attached as waiter to the first-floor, and therefore to her master's family, but once a red-shirted patriot, in the service of Garibaldi, whom (he tells her) "he love next to woman;" or of Don Rodrigo, the third cook, who is really a first-rate hand at an omelet, and who boasts to her of being a nobleman in his own country, and of the accomplishment of the guitar. The first suit of apartments which that impudent Asmodeus would present to our notice (if we had the hardihood to take advantage of his offer) would be the bowers of Mary and her sisterhood, the native or imported servant-maids, without whom—so let us not despise them—the machinery of life at *The Grand* would be out of gear indeed. Her mirror is not a swing one, like that of her young mistress, but a small square of glass, difficult, even by the adventitious aid of her work-box, to prop at a proper angle for the due contemplation of her charms; her hair-brush—for she does not possess a pair of them—is of commonest deal; her chignon is less ample, if more glossy, than that which reposes upon the laced dressing-table of Miss Marguerite. But the thoughts of the two girls run in the same channel, and are, indeed, identical. It is spring-time with both of them, and the tender flower of love adorns each bosom equally. The romance of the attic is as enthralling as that of the second-floor, and, indeed, to the philosophic observer, infinitely more so; for the way of life is not made smooth for Mary as it is for Miss Marguerite, and it will be set, poor soul! with many a snare. Her very beauty, which, in her young mistress's case, is but a source of pride, is with her one of peril also. Her mother is far away, in her straw-roofed village cottage, praying to God, perhaps, to preserve her child, but little knowing to what temptations she is exposed; while Marguerite has not only "dear mamma" herself, a model of propriety, but a deputy-mother also, when so-called necessity requires it, in a chaperon of rigid, and yet discriminating virtue. God see thee safely through the dangers of the servants' hall and of the bachelors' quarter, Mary, and have mercy upon those who would harm thee for their selfish pleasure! This story is devoted to good society, and will have little to do with such as thou.

The strata of apartments in *The Grand* (as the good people of Shingleton always term the hotel, from pride in its colossal proportions and renown quite as much as for shortness) are, of course, in inverse ratio to the social rank of their inhabitants. The lowest portion (beginning, that is, with the first-floor) is devoted to those who pay the highest prices, and require the best accommodation—to families who occupy large private sitting-rooms, or to opulent couples who choose to indulge themselves in that luxury; then come the apartments of the bachelors, with snug little parlors, from which the tobacco smoke goes upward, and does not in reality annoy Materfamilias at all, although she sniffs occasionally, in reprobation of such disgusting practices, and can not think how her Angelina can "put up with" Edwin's pipe.

"In *my* young days, my dear, I can only say that if your papa, when he was paying his attentions to *me*, had ventured into my presence with a pipe in his mouth, I'd have—"

"Well, what *would* you have done, dear mamma?" inquires Angelina, with a toss of her head. Even in this early stage she flatters herself she knows how to manage her own Edwin (already acquired by engagement, though not yet in his ring-fence), and resents maternal interference. "What *would* you have done with papa and his pipe?"

"I would have put it out for him, Angelina."

"I do sometimes, mamma, for Edwin, or at least"—here she blushes in the most bewitching manner—"it goes out of itself while we are—talking. But I don't dislike the smell of smoke myself, do you know!"

Above the bachelors' quarter, or contained in it, are the apartments occupied by the "pensioners" of the establishment—those who have no private sitting-rooms, and who live at fixed charges by the day or week, using the table d'hôte and all the advertised advantages of the establishment. These are by far the most numerous class; and their custom keeps *The Grand* "going" at unfashionable times, when the huge empty creature would otherwise double up and collapse like a burst balloon, and from the same cause—the rent. It is for these that the mighty coffee-room exists, and the common drawing-room, from which last are chiefly drawn the belles of the ball-room; for the occupants of the private suits are often too exclusive to mix in dancing assemblies, "where nobody knows who is who," though even they will occasionally leave their Olympian heights and selected ambrosia for the table d'hôte and public fare.

Even when Asmodeus has shown us all, from attic to ground-floor, there is much of *The Grand* still to be explored. Beneath the basement are vast halls, such as Egyptian kings might not disdain as places of sepulture, but where, it is darkly whispered, that great army of martyrs, the waiters, occupy as they can and space permits. *The Grand* never shuts its portals; however full, its greedy maw is always agape for guests; and, in seasons which the management calls "good," there is no apartment so humble but that it is snatched from the slave who tenants it, and, being swept and garnished, is given up to visitors, and paid for by the foot. Then it is that Saffi camps once more—not, indeed, in the open fields, as of yore, but in the smoking-room, to which he can not retire until the latest wassailer has left it free; and Don Rodrigo dreams of his ancestral greatness beneath the shadow of the billiard-table.

What do *they* think, I wonder, of life at *The Grand?* What calling do *they* follow, and where, when the three months which constitute the sea-London season are over, and all of them, save some half a dozen, are disarmed of tray and napkin, and disbanded? What secrets do they hide beneath those snow-white waistcoats? What Gil Blas life-histories must they not have to tell, beside which that of Bullion Esquire, and family, on the first-floor, whom they serve, is a pale and ineffectual story! The gentleman who first observed that one half the world did not know how the other half lived may have been a clever fellow; but it is certain that he was a cautious one, and spoke within limits.

However, let us have done with waiters.

If ever I seem to concern myself with low company, it is that devil Asmodeus who leads me into it. *Pace* Burke, *pace* Mr. Mudie. For myself, I am never so happy as when (which is more seldom than I could wish) I stretch my legs under the mahogany of a person of title. This narrative, I repeat, is one of good society; a fiction, if not of the first-class, at least of the first-floor.

On the first-floor of *The Grand*, then, and in an apartment furnished after the foreign fashion (which our hotel affects), with much gilding and many mirrors; with bright cornices on the ceiling, and a gay flowery scroll upon the lofty walls; with sofas of yellow damask (or what looks like damask), and with window doors that are opened wide upon a balcony overlooking the sea—sit three of our *dramatis personæ*. It is as pretty a picture as you can imagine, for the folks in the fore-ground (which does not always happen in portrait drawings) are as fine and elegant as are the accessories. These are two ladies and a gentleman, whose united ages (as the newspaper correspondent delights to write when dismissing ancient people to their graves) do not exceed that of one sexagenarian. The elder lady—if it may be admissible to apply a term so suggestive of age to so youthful a creature—is plump and dark as a daughter of Spain; so dark, indeed, that when you hear her companions call her "Ju" (as they do for love and brevity, her name being Julia) you might easily think it a playful reference to her complexion. She is of exquisite beauty, and though she does her best to assume the air of a matron, can not be more than twenty years of age. The younger girl, who is but eighteen, presents as striking a contrast to her as their common youth and beauty permit; her complexion is fair as a lily, though not pale; her look is bright and fresh as the morn; she has no cares nor fears, nor, indeed, has Ju; but the latter has, or imagines she has, her "responsibilities," from which this other young life is as yet wholly free. Her name is Mabel, but they call her, rightly, "May." The merry English month that heralds summer was never better typified by human form. There is a breezy air about her that scatters wholesomeness; her smile is gracious sunshine, and her tears, near to those tender lids, and loyal to the first touch of pity, are still more gracious rain; her words are no gross diamonds and pearls, as in the fairy tale, but flowers of innocence and courtesy; she uses no other, nor has need to use, for "May it is with 'May' from head to heel."

The man—to drop at once from this elevation—is a well-looking young fellow enough; fair-haired, bronze-cheeked, and with a neat mustache, the silkiness of which acquits it of any acquaintance with the razor. He is standing in a well-known national attitude, with his back to the fire-place—though, of course, there is no fire, since it is late in August—regarding these two angels with a look of confident mastership on his handsome face, which, to a male looker-on, had there been such, would have been most aggravating and intolerable.

The wretch is upon his honey-moon with both of them.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE TABLE D'HÔTE.

LEST the line we have last written should be liable to misconstruction, let us hasten at once to explain that Mr. Frederick Pennant, the gentleman just introduced to our readers, though traveling on his honey-moon with two young ladies, is the husband of but one of them. He is a young English barrister, and no Mormon. Ju is his wife, a bride of five weeks old or so, whom he is about to take with him to Hong-Kong, where he has an appointment; and May, or Mabel, Denham is his sister-in-law. The married pair had been so very happy together that it had suggested to them the making others happy—an idea so rare in practice as to be obscure, and perhaps incomprehensible, when stated. But the fact was that May and Ju had grown up together side by side, like white and red rose on a single stem, twin buds of sisterhood, with no mother to expend their wealth of love upon; and being co-heiresses in that respect they had lavished it upon one another. Lapped in bliss, then, as she was with her Frederick, the bride had not been unmindful of the sister left in the dull Berkshire vicarage, but had invited her to be their guest at *The Grand*. It was a life altogether novel to Mabel Denham, and the present was her first day of it. There were children in the house in plenty; the patter of little feet along the balcony is audible now within the room, and childish laughter mingles with the soft sigh of the sea. But not a heart even among them is lighter or more glad than May's. Whatever her eye falls upon ministers to her pleasure—the stretch of summer sea without, flecked with white sails, as is the blue air above with white-winged gulls; the harbor, which the flowing tide is filling; the narrowing sands, on which the boys are racing their ponies; nay, even the painted room with its gay fittings, so different from the vicarage parlor (though that has its own soberer and homelier charms), affords her joy.

"I wish dear papa were here," is her only regretful thought. It seems so selfish to enjoy all this without him, though she has not left him all alone, since an old college friend is his guest, whose company over a pipe, to say truth, he infinitely prefers to any thing in the way of pleasure which Shingleton has to offer him.

"Well, Ju," observed Mr. Frederick, with that provoking air of proprietorship of his, "I suppose we must take May to the table d'hôte today? She won't like being shut up here alone with an old married couple like ourselves, eh?"

"Oh, indeed, Fred, I shall be quite happy here," remonstrated Mabel. "Why, what do you suppose I care for, beyond Ju's company—and yours?"

"Thank you, miss, for that after-thought," returned the young man, bowing demurely; then, in a bantering tone, "I can not, of course, tell at present whose company you will prefer to ours, my dear; but there is a great choice of eligible young men below-stairs—"

"Frederick, for shame!" interrupted his wife; "don't put such things into the child's head. I won't have it done."

"Why, dear me, I thought she came here on purpose!" exclaimed Frederick, with innocent amazement. "Didn't your good papa write and say—I should have the letter somewhere"—and here this rogue pretended to search his pockets—"that life at *The Grand* would afford the best chance in the world for getting her off his hands for good?"

"You wicked wretch, how dare you!" cried May; and both the sisters made a simultaneous dart at the offender. But Fred was in the balcony in a moment, where he could not be pursued, since it was a public and exposed position, common, indeed, to all the sitting-rooms on the same floor.

"My dearest Ju," exclaimed he, from this post of vantage, but taking care to throw his voice well within the room, "if you will bring May out here, I will introduce her at once to Mr. Flint. He is sitting in his American chair here, with his hat off, and looks exceedingly well."

"A most hideous old creature, who believes in nothing," whispered Ju to May, with a toss of her head.

"Your good papa made no restriction as to religious faith," continued Fred, confidentially. "'Youth and beauty,' he writes, 'are not so important as a large and assured income.' His letter is full of good and wise reflections. 'It is never too early,' says he, 'for a girl to have an object in life.' Now Mr. Flint is decidedly an object."

"I am quite sure that dear papa wrote nothing of the sort," exclaimed May, indignantly.

"Now that's very well said," cried Fred, approvingly, and softly clapping his hands; "there was an air of innocent simplicity in your manner, too, that reminds me of your sister's early days. Ju angled for me successfully with that very bait. 'I am afraid,' she used to say, 'that my good papa will never be induced to part with me, dear Frederick. He has no plots and schemes for my future, as some fathers have.'"

Here a dextrous movement was effected against the common enemy. As Fred stepped back to avoid an angry pat, that might have killed a butterfly, from his wife's fingers, they closed upon the handle of the French window, and shut him out; at the same moment Mabel did the like with the other window. This double-action escape-movement of theirs was, in fact, perfectly successful, and their persecutor began at once to sue for peace.

"It is very cold, my dears, out here," pleaded he, flattening his handsome features against the pane, and affecting to shiver in that sunny air.

"That is why we have shut the windows," answered the bride; and at this happy repartee the sisters laughed a laugh together with a richer music in it than any instrument which man's contrivance ever compassed.

"I am not well, dears," continued the exile, plaintively.

"You don't look well, I do assure you, with your nose flattened like that, Sir," replied the relentless bride.

"It is to *you* I speak, sweet May," continued Fred, in mock Shakspearian strain, "and not to that inexorable Jew. The air is piercing cold, and I have a little bald place on the top of my crown, which has come since marriage. It is not trouble, as (since you know her) you may think; she tore out a handful of hair in one of her tantrums."

"You are a wicked story-teller, Sir," said Mabel, coming close up to the window.

"I should like to do it of all things," said Fred, affecting to misunderstand her; "only I daren't without Ju's leave. May wants me to kiss her, Ju; the window is between us, and glass is a non-conductor. May I?"

"You wicked, conceited creature!" cried Mabel. Then, turning to her sister with a blush, "I'm sure I wanted nothing of the sort, Ju."

"Of course you didn't, my darling," said the bride, with assuring gravity; "it is only one of Fred's absurd jokes, I know."

"Won't she let us?" continued Fred, with earnestness. "I can't hear what she says, but she looks angry." Then, in solemn tones, he added, "Mr. Flint's compliments, and might he peep through the window and see Mrs. Frederick Pennant looking angry? He says he can't believe it."

At which Ju, melted to the core, opened the window, and let the flatterer in.

It was very simple fooling, doubtless; but they were very happy, these young people, and quite as pleased with one another (and, perhaps, even more so) as though they had each uttered the most cutting witticisms. Frederick had really a pleasant vein of humor of his own, and the girls had an excellent substitute for wit in their light hearts and high spirits. It was altogether an afternoon to be remembered, not for its brightness and its gayety, but for the careless happiness which made it bright and gay. To one at least of the actors in that little farce the memory of it was often destined to recur; not to provoke the ancient mirth, alas! but to present a type of palmy days gone by and lost forever. Which of ourselves has not some similar reminiscence? Upon whose ear falls not, more sad than any knell, the far-off echo of laughter, which death—or worse, which wretchedness—has hushed forever?

It was, however, but the dressing-bell of *The Grand* which put a stop to these young people's mirth on this occasion, or rather gave it a new direction. May was certainly to go with them to the table d'hôte; but what was she to wear? Fred suggested a white frock with red ribbons and a coral necklace, since there was nothing like a childlike simplicity. "She should let down her back hair—if she has any." Here, being thumped, he apologized. "How should *I* know? Ju has none save what I bought for her; I've got the bill." In fact, this impudent young fellow was so incorrigible that they refused to listen to him. Mabel Denham had, indeed, no great choice of dresses, and all she had were as well known to her sister as the flower-beds in their home garden; but the occasion was momentous, and needed all their deliberation. At last the blue was fixed upon; and in the blue May presently appeared, as bewitching as any tenant of the cerulean. She was just sufficiently nervous and timid, "pink and palpitating," to make one long to comfort and reassure her. Her appearance was enough to make a knight-errant out of the merest attorney.

The gallant Frederick had provided a fitting flower for the adornment of each of their heads—a rose for Mabel, and a camellia for Julia; but this courtesy was refused by the latter for self and sister. "One doesn't go to a table d'hôte, you silly man, with flowers in one's hair."

"Oh, I *am* so sorry!" said Mabel, almost tearfully. "It was so kind of Fred to think of us—or at least of me;" and she put her rose in a glass of water, and wore it afterward all the evening in her bosom.

She had never been to a table d'hôte before, nor even to a dinner-party—unless her father's tithe dinner, to which all his farmers came, could be called such. She had not as yet, in fact, "come out," or "burst upon the public view," as Frederick called it. It was the prettiest sight in the world to see her trip down the hall staircase, with her trembling fingers lightly laid upon her brother-in-law's arm, and pass into the great room, crowded with guests, where every eye turned at once to look at her.

"*I* am nobody at all now, you see," whispered Julia to her husband. But there was not an atom of wounded vanity in the remark; on the contrary, she felt a pride in her sister's beauty which she no longer felt in her own, though, perhaps, if it had not already won her its prize, in the person addressed, she might not have taken this transference of the public allegiance so philosophically. For the fact was, Mrs. Frederick Pennant had been the acknowledged belle of the hotel ever since she had deigned to appear at the common table, notwithstanding that there were other brides in the house, not without claims to admiration, independently of the interest which always attaches to their position, and especially in such places as *The Grand*. The honey-moon folks are the salt of hotel society, without which it would be almost flavorless. The favorite topic of the table d'hôte is always the last bride. The males express their admiration, and the females mitigate it by depreciatory remarks. "She is passable-looking," they allow; "some people will doubtless call her pretty;" but, for their parts, she is "not their style." So striking-looking a bridegroom might, they conceive, have been more favored in his matrimonial lot. To this the males demur—they see nothing striking in the man at all, except an air of intolerable conceit.

When any young couple, or a couple of whom the lady, at least, is young, make their first appearance at the public table, speculation at once opens upon them. The conversation resembles that which we read in phrase-books designed for Continental travel. "Are they married?" "They are husband and wife." "They are brother and sister." "They are uncle and niece." "See, they have changed chairs." "I am sure he is her husband, because she orders him about." "He chooses wine without consulting her—they can not, then, be newly married." "Nay, but perhaps she drinks only water." "Not she; he has ordered Champagne—girls never refuse Champagne." "They must be bride and bridegroom, or else very rich." "It is only a pint." "Will he drink it all himself?" "Will he give her none?" "None; but he gives her fingers a squeeze under the table—that pleases her equally well, and is cheaper—she is all smiles." "Is that toast-and-water which the waiter has brought her?" "I believe it is brandy-and-water—how shocking!" "But perhaps her digestion is weaker than the brandy-and-water." "True; she has too small a waist, which perhaps accounts for it." "She has brought her own maid with her—I have seen her—a very strong young woman, *pour lacer son corset*." "For shame, Sir; and, besides, it is bad French."

Such is the talk of the British table d'hôte, and a favorable specimen of it. When gossip ripens into scandal, it is a sign that you have had the same neighbor more than once—that acquaintanceship is progressing. There was no such talk upon Mabel Denham's first appearance among the guests at *The Grand*. Her beauty held them for the moment spell-bound. Unaware of the interest she was exciting in these good people, but alarmed at their numbers, she moved with downcast eyes to the place which was pointed out to her upon Frederick's left. She knew that she was in a large room—the largest she had ever seen, and at a table even longer than that on which the school-feast to the village children used to be spread upon the rectory lawn at home; but she did not yet dare to look about her. The folded napkin on the plate before her astonished her by the ingenuity of its shape; it seemed a shame to destroy so fanciful a form.

"Is it not pretty, May?" murmured her sister across her husband. "Mine is like a coronet, Fred's is a fan, and yours—"

"I must introduce you to your next neighbor, May," said Fred, cutting short this eulogy on the napkins. "Mr. Flint, this is my sister-in-law, Miss Denham, whom I told you we were expecting to-day."

Mabel looked up and bowed, then cast down her eyes again, like a carnation which the south wind lifts and lets fall. This sudden demand upon her frightened wits, just as she was endeavoring to collect them, was too much for her. She did not know whether the stranger was old or young, nice-looking or a fright; but she felt an exceeding terror of him, and decided that if such a state of things as this was "going into society," she would much rather have remained outside it.

"There is a considerable talent hidden in that napkin," said a slow, sober voice. The words were spoken behind her, as if intended for her brother-in-law, and she felt gratified to the speaker for not addressing her. There was a kindness in his tone which seemed to intimate that he perceived her confusion, and wished to spare her. But perhaps what pleased her most in the remark was neither that nor its wit, but that the accents were evidently those of an old man, which greatly reassured her. Indeed, when she took courage to look at him again, she saw that Mr. Flint was older than her father, who himself had married by no means early in life. He was not classically beautiful, his face being so long as to almost resemble that of a horse; but his half-shut gray eyes were full of intelligence, and twinkled in their deep-set caverns like stars.

"And what do you think your napkin most resembles?" inquired he. "It is an artistic effort which Alphonse, the head waiter, has made exclusively for your benefit; for see, there are no others like it."

"It looks to me like a heart," said Mabel.

"Ah, that is because you are seventeen," returned the old gentleman, dryly. "Now to me, who am getting on for seventy, it looks like a sheep's head."

What a droll old man! And now he had once made her laugh, how at home she felt with him! He had something funny to say about every thing and every body, and yet in such a quiet, unobtrusive way. His lips scarcely moved at all; all the fun flashed from his eyes. As for smiling, Mr. Flint had never been seen to do such a thing; but a quick ear could detect a sort of rattle in his inside, which was his dry laugh. This alarmed Mabel at first with the apprehension that he was not well.

"Do you see that young gentleman at the end of the table, with the beautiful black hair and the white teeth? Well, he is fifteen years older than I am, and a great beau. He will come round and speak to you after dinner."

"Speak to *me?*"

"Yes, certainly; that is, he will do so under pretense of speaking to your brother-in-law. It is Major Pomeroy, the self-appointed master of the ceremonies here, who must know every body, and collect his information. He has just made a memorandum about it in his note-book, because his memory is getting defective."

"But how very rude of him," objected Mabel.

"Not at all; it is his mission. Would you like to be introduced—but don't look up, because he is staring hard at you—to this gentleman on my left?"

"Is it necessary?" pleaded Mabel, beginning to tremble again.

"Not at all. Only she wants to know you, and she knows your sister."

"I thought you said a gentleman?"

"So I did. I believe that Mrs. Marshall is a gentleman, although in female attire. We all call her 'the General;' and she has certainly occupied some position of military command. It was in the cavalry, because at the time she must have been superannuated the infantry did not wear mustaches. She is charging down upon you in spite of me. Prepare to receive cavalry."

"How do you do, my dear?" said a hoarse, cracked voice. Mabel looked up in alarm. A large-featured old lady in blue spectacles, and a cap so full of leaves and flowers that she seemed to look out of an arbor, was nodding at her, across Mr. Flint, with an amazing energy. "You don't know me, but I seem to know you quite well. I have heard so much about you from dear Mrs. Pennant. How well she is looking to-day—how well her husband is looking! You came by the afternoon train; I saw them waiting for you at the station. My name is Marshall."

"*Field* Marshal," whispered Mr. Flint.

"How do you like *The Grand*, my dear?"

"I like it very much," said Mabel; "at least so far as I can judge on so short an acquaintance."

"What does she say, Mr. Flint?" inquired the old lady. "I can't hear her."

"She says she doesn't very much like talking to so short an acquaintance."

"Well, I'm sure! What a very rude young person! I could never have believed it of her, to look at her."

Quite unconscious of these last remarks, Mabel had turned to listen to an observation of Frederick's.

"Look yonder," said he, "in the doorway. Here are our *vis-à-vis* at last."

There had been a couple of chairs turned down in the usual way, to show they were engaged, immediately opposite; but, since the dinner had progressed so far, the arrival of their tenants had ceased to be looked for. The new-comers were two gentlemen, of striking rather than prepossessing appearance. They were both well-favored, but the elder's thoughtful face was marred by a certain peevish melancholy, which never left it; while the younger's, though much handsomer, wore a contemptuous air, which, when fixed upon woman, became insolent, and upon man, defiant. Unabashed by their unpunctuality, they seated themselves with deliberation; and, as they unfolded their napkins, the one discontentedly perused the wine list, and the other cast his bold eyes down the long line of guests.

"Are they brothers, think you," whispered Julia, "or father and son?"

"I don't know," said Fred, with irritation; "I am only sure that the black one is an impertinent coxcomb;" and indeed the young gentleman opposite had passed a very leisurely survey upon both wife and sister-in-law.

"They are not relatives at all," said Mr. Flint, with philosophic decision; "the elder is pure Caucasian, and would be very handsome but for his ill temper."

"The younger will have his beauty spoiled for him if he stares at young ladies like that," muttered the indignant Fred aside to Mr. Flint.

"Pooh, pooh! he can't help it," rejoined that philosopher. "Look at his skull—look at his jowl; that youth is a Carib."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Standing on the threshold of 1871, we take a retrospective glance, and marvel more and more at the wonderful changes which the past twelvemonth has wrought in many countries. One year ago who would have predicted that to-day sunny France would have been overrun with invading soldiers, and beautiful Paris, the pride of the world, surrounded by unrelenting besiegers? Who would have foretold when, on the 8th of December, 1869, the Œcumenical Council, convened by Pius IX., met in the Eternal City, that Victor Emanuel should now be about to take possession of the Quirinal Palace as his residence, and the Pope deprived of much of his boasted power? In other countries gigantic movements seem already to be inaugurated, and none can tell what a day may bring forth. But we realize that we are living in "grand and awful times;" and yet stranger events may transpire before 1872 shall dawn upon us.

France and Germany have long been competitors in the toy market—the one excelling in tastefulness, the other in cheapness. By another Christmas the European war will doubtless produce a marked diminution in the quantity of foreign toys in our market—at least of some kinds—and the prices will probably be higher. France and Germany have more important business on hand now than making toys.

We see it stated that the public library of Dubuque, Iowa, owes its eight thousand standard volumes mainly to the efforts of a lady—Miss Martha Craddock.

Professor Huntington, in his eyrie on the summit of Mount Washington, recently received a visit from some friends, who with difficulty made the ascent to his winter-quarters. He was at that time alone, his companions not having joined him. The frost on the outside of the building he occupies had accumulated to an immense thickness. The telegraph was not working so well as it was expected to do. The report of Professor Huntington's winter experiences will be awaited with much interest by the scientific world.

On December 18 the Capitoline Pond, Brooklyn, was thrown open to the skating public for the first time this season. Even then the pond was not entirely frozen over, but portions of it were safe enough for the juveniles. This was the first skating of the winter. Nor was it of long duration. In anticipation of the severe winter which weather prophets have foretold, the proprietors of ponds and rinks have long been ready for the cold snap which would form good ice for skating; but the mild weather has called for patience on the part of youthful skaters. The Central Park ponds are the favorite resort of New Yorkers, but now Prospect Park lakes are even greater in extent than those. It is stated that twenty thousand people can skate at one time on the lakes of Prospect Park.

Not long ago a Scotch daily newspaper contained the following advertisement:

"Matrimony.—A young man of good position, and all that sort of thing, wishes to correspond with a young lady; age under twenty-five, good-looking, of a pleasant temperament, and accomplished. Money no object, at same time no objection. Address Sylvanus, etc."

A few days thereafter the writer received his answer through the same medium, as follows:

"Matrimony.—A young lady, rising twenty-four, beautiful, of genial temperament, and all that sort of thing, recommends Sylvanus to apply to Brigham Young, Wife Nurseries, Utah!"

The late fearful accident in Thirty-fifth Street, by which several lives were sacrificed, and many persons seriously injured, is a warning against the hasty erection of buildings which should not be disregarded. It is said that great haste was made in the construction of the factory which fell, as the owner was anxious to complete it before the cold weather set in. In fact, the insecure appearance of the building had attracted attention in the neighborhood, and comments had been made upon it. Even some of the workmen had remonstrated about it. It would seem that, such being the case, somebody is very much to blame in the matter.

A new census of New York is now in progress. As much indignation was expressed at the imperfect manner in which the previous one was taken, it is reasonable to expect that citizens will now cheerfully give all the information in their power to the marshals.

Three French artists were wounded in the affair of La Malmaison: Vibert, the well-known *genre* painter, who was wounded in the shoulder; Leroux, a young artist of great promise, who was shot through the thighs, and remained a prisoner in the hands of the Prussians; and Cuvillier, the sculptor, who was mortally wounded.

During the month of August 108 persons were killed in the central provinces of India by the bite of snakes and by wild beasts.

The successful lady candidates at the recent School Board elections in London were Miss Garrett, Miss Davies, and Mrs. Grey. The first-named is the most extensively known of all as a physician of undoubted professional skill. She is represented as of fair complexion, with regular features, the expression of her face indicating firmness and rigid self-control. She dresses with taste and care, converses in a peculiar style of directness and brevity, and is extensively consulted by ladies of the highest standing. Miss Davies has written extensively on education. She also founded the Ladies' College at Hitchin, to be connected with the University at Cambridge, through which any girl may attain the highest educational prizes. She was instrumental in promoting the Oxford and Cambridge local examination for girls, and in securing the commission on endowed schools. She appears to be between twenty-five and thirty, is easy and agreeable in manners, and in conversation her words are few and well selected. Mrs. Grey has been most favorably known to a large circle in London as an earnest worker in several charitable societies. These ladies were elected by a large majority to positions which they will undoubtedly fill to the satisfaction of the public.

An enterprising girl of twenty, living near Alton, Illinois, has contracted with her father to dig him a well, at seventy-five cents a foot. It is reported that she was twenty feet under-ground at last accounts, and no less than three offers of marriage from delighted young farmers had gone down that hole since it was commenced.

Early in December the Empress Eugénie and Prince Imperial, accompanied by their suits, left Chiselhurst to visit Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. They went by special train, every arrangement for their comfort having been made. They were received at the station by Lord Charles Fitzroy and Hon. Miss Phipps, and conducted to a private waiting-room. Thence they were driven to the castle, where they were cordially welcomed by the Queen and the royal family. The visit lasted upward of an hour, and on leaving the Empress was accompanied by Prince Arthur, and attended by Lord Fitzroy and Miss Phipps.

The number of copyrights issued since the business was transferred to the Library of Congress has reached 5000.

These are some of Spurgeon's pithy sayings:

"Nobody is more like an honest man than a thorough rogue."

"Don't believe the man who talks the most, for mewing cats are very seldom good mousers."

"By no means put yourself in another person's power. If you put your thumb between two grinders they are very apt to bite."

"Don't go to law unless you have nothing to lose; lawyers' houses are built on fools' heads."

"Put no dependence on the label of a bag, and count money after your own kind."

"In any business never wade into water where you can not see the bottom."

The ladies of Lafayette, Indiana, are highly sensible, if the announced object of a club recently formed is an index of their real feeling, namely: "To free the members from the thralldom of fashion, and leave more time for pure, healthy pleasures, intellectual improvement, and ennobling pursuits, such as every true woman's heart craves."

Milk is said to be an antidote to the lead-colic which is so common among the workmen in white-lead factories. On account of the casein which it contains, it is well known that milk acts very favorably in cases of metal poisoning, consequently this suggestion deserves attention.

A Prussian soldier had narrowly escaped death by a Chassepot bullet. Standing in the centre of a listening group, after his return from the front, he took out his watch and showed it, pierced through by the ball, which, having thus expended its strength on the solid metal, inflicted but a slight wound on his breast. The people pressed around to get a look at the watch, and one citizen, impulsively taking out his own gold time-keeper, put it into the hand of the astonished soldier, saying: "Here, take this one. It is a good one. Yours will never go again."

A correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser* writes from Florence an interesting description of Mead's statue of Lincoln, which is designed for the National Lincoln Monument at Springfield, Illinois. The statue is to be eleven feet high; in the left hand is a scroll, on which is "Emancipation;" in the right hand a pen; at the right of the statue are the consular fasces, about which is the flag; at the foot of the fasces is a crown of laurel. On each angle of the monument is a group; one cavalry, another infantry, a third artillery, a fourth marines. Behind the statue of Lincoln an obelisk rises up. This Lincoln monument of Mead, and the one to Cavour at Turin, are the largest ones made during this century. The commission given to this sculptor for this monument is the largest ever sent from the United States. It is to cost $200,000.

The Jewish population of New York city is estimated at not far from seventy-five thousand. The Temple Emanuel, corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-third Street, is the finest and largest in the country, and cost nearly three-quarters of a million of dollars.

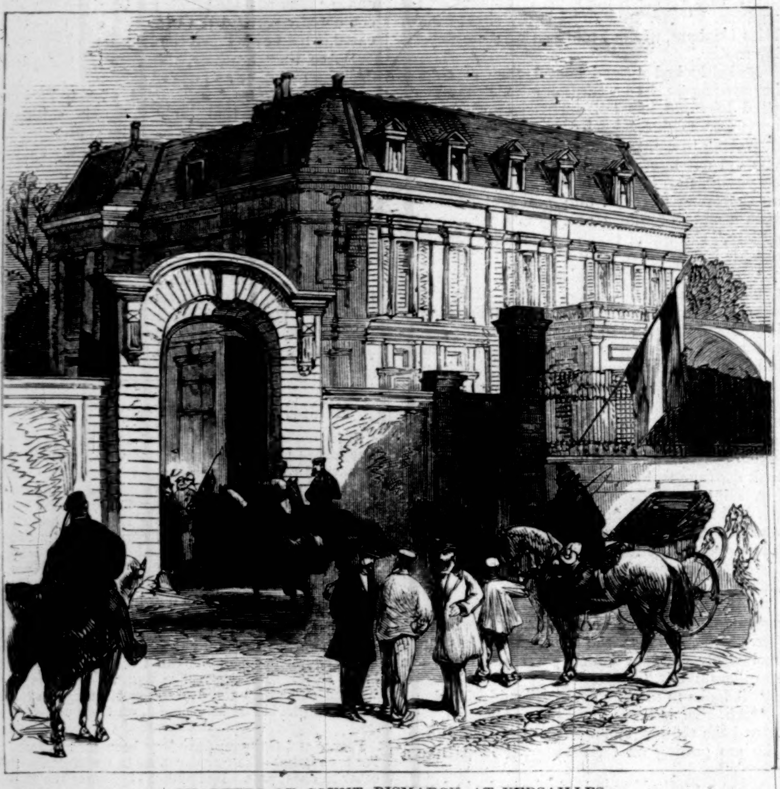
Queen Victoria has now nine grandsons and eight grand-daughters, and she has still five unmarried children.

In Alaska every body uses snow-shoes in the winter, and those accustomed to their use can travel thirty or forty miles a day with them. The Norwegian snow-shoe, which is the most popular where it is known, is a very different thing from the snow-shoe of the American Indian. It consists of a thin strip of wood about four inches wide and ten feet long. This is turned up a little in front, and has a piece of hog-skin, with the bristles attached, fastened to the under part of the rear of the strip, so as to prevent it from slipping back. The wearer does not lift them from the surface of the snow, but slides them along as he travels, and when descending a hill he puts them to the same use as the runners of a sleigh, and glides down at great speed. He uses a pole to assist him in ascending eminences, and, unwieldy as these may seem, he can travel rapidly with them.

An examination of the income-tax returns of the last year develops many curious facts. A New York paper gives a résumé of these, among which it is stated that the whole amount of income tax, exclusive of the tax from corporations, was $25,025,068 86. Of this amount seven States paid the sum of $18,837,328 99, and nearly one-third of the whole amount was paid by New York. In nineteen States the amount collected was less than $75,000 for each. Mr. A. T. Stewart paid more than either one of twenty-seven States, including the Territories, and more than Arizona, Colorado, Dakota, Florida, Washington, New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, and Montana combined. Mr. W. B. Astor paid more than the whole of the State of Vermont.

BISMARCK'S QUARTERS.

Count Bismarck's house, at Versailles, represented on this page, is situate in a very quiet street at ordinary times; but the advent of Count **Bismarck** has changed its character to one of continual bustle; orderlies are forever galloping to and fro with dispatches; visitors of every grade are always coming and going. At all hours of the night a light is seen burning at one of the windows of a room which is reported to be the dormitory of the great minister, proving, as we have heard, that he is apt to turn "night into day." But he rises to work very early in the morning; about noon he issues from his house and goes to head-quarters, where he has a chat with the King's staff. It is noticeable about him that he shows, in moments of leisure, more of the bluff heartiness of the soldier than the quiet manner which we are apt to attribute to diplomatists. He returns punctually to dinner at seven (except when dining with his Majesty or the Crown Prince), after which the labors of his day are said to commence. The telegraphic wires are laid in his room, from which he can communicate with the outer world. Count **Bismarck** always appears in his cuirassier undress uniform; and his white cap is often seen towering above the other Prussians, who are mostly big men. He goes about in a carriage without escort, or sometimes is seen mounted on his favorite bay charger. He is a constant object of curiosity to the French, who all want to have the great man pointed out to them in preference to any other celebrity.



QUARTERS OF COUNT BISMARCK AT VERSAILLES.

A DOGS' DINNER-PARTY IN PARIS.

Besieged correspondents have often remarked of late upon the number of stray dogs in Paris. These poor creatures, abandoned by their owners, roam the streets, and, unmolested by the police, gain a scanty subsistence by following ladies returning from market, or by moving the compassion of the National Guards on the ramparts, who frequently feed them out of their own meagre rations. Some of these wretched animals go outside the city to the advanced posts, where they are sure to obtain a hearty reception, for the sentinel, alone for so many hours, finds even the company of a dog a relief to the usual monotony of his watch. The sagacious brutes, however, return to the city at nightfall, and, should the gates be shut, howl most piteously to be let in. Finding this of no avail, they seek for some bivouac of the friendly Mobiles, of whom they can beg a supper and a small share in a tent.

The sketch below represents a scene far more familiar in an Eastern than a Western town; indeed, the deserted aspect of the street, and the emaciated appearance of the poor animals, suggest rather the idea of a Mussulman quarter of Stamboul or Cairo than a street in that centre of civilization—Paris.

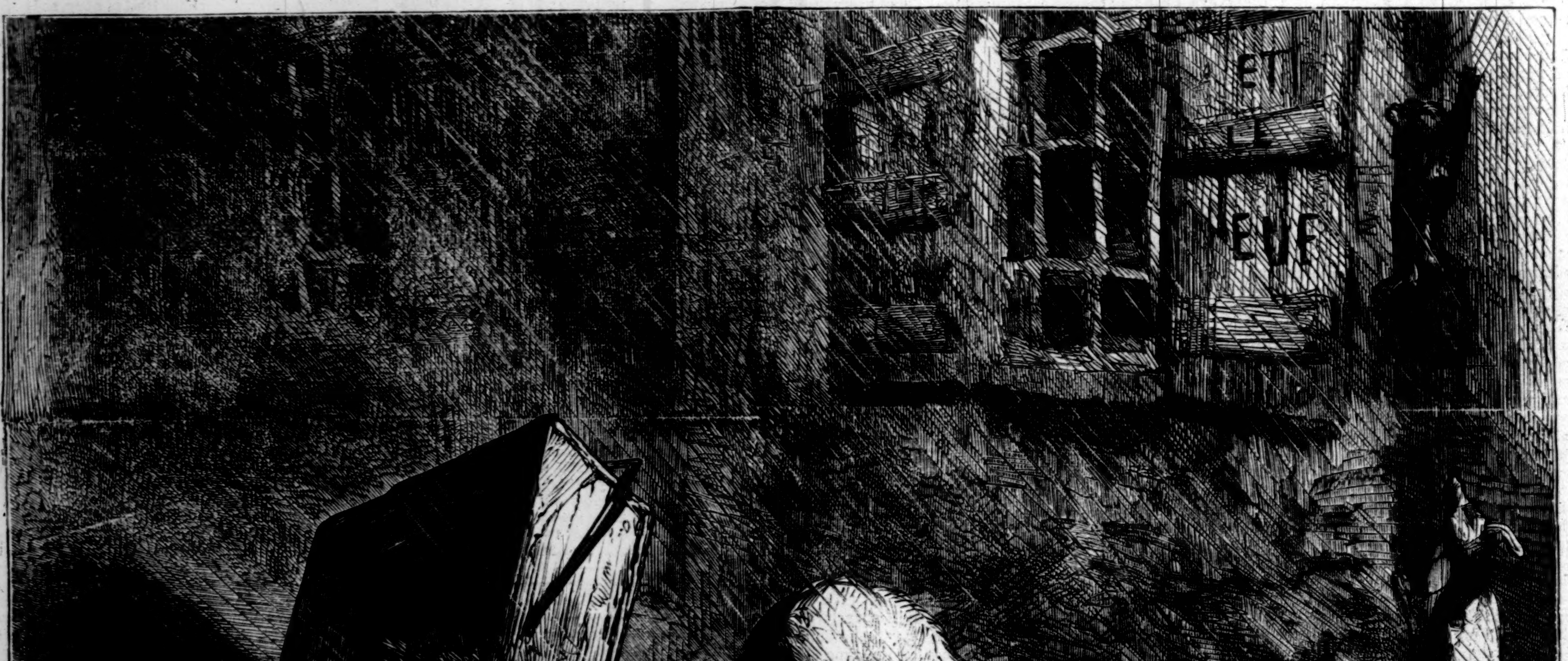
Now, however, the Parisians are reduced to eating their former companions, and the number of dogs is visibly decreasing. As a sign of the times, dogs' flesh is openly sold in Paris, and is taken about the streets in a cart. To the back and two sides of the vehicle the following placard is affixed:

"Resistance to the last!
Grand Canine and Feline Meat-Market."

A writer, who evidently believes in making the best of every thing, describes dogs' flesh as "excellent eating when nicely killed, properly skinned, and cooked with a good sauce. The flesh is pink and delicate, and by no means hard."

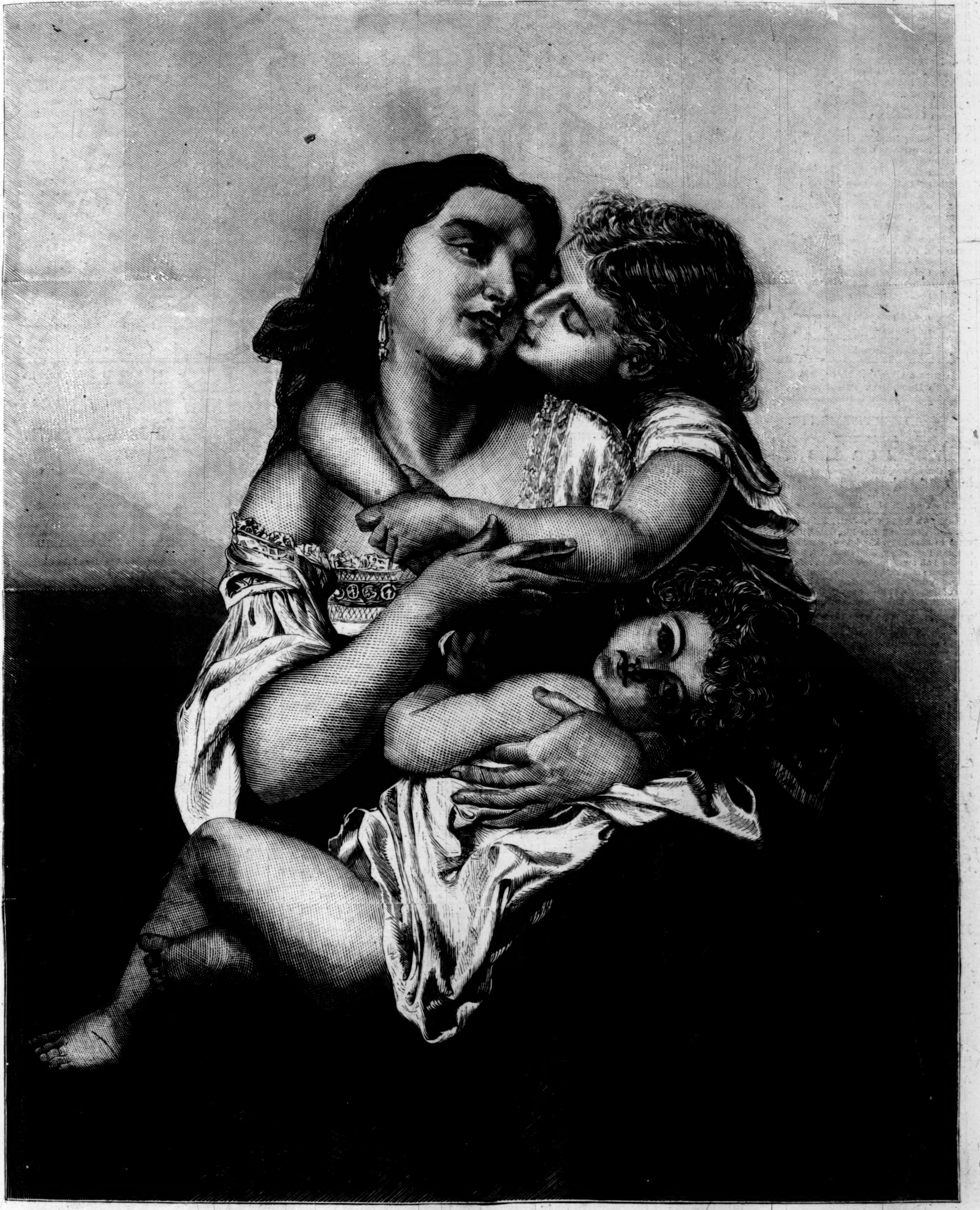
GARIBALDI.

With that generous sympathy for the people which has always been the guiding star of his life, **Garibaldi**, the moment a republic was proclaimed in France, emerged from the retreat of his island home, and entered that country with his



A DOGS' DINNER-PARTY IN PARIS.

sons **Menotti** and **Ricciotti**, accompanied by a band of equally enthusiastic volunteers, to assist in driving back the Prussians. That he was singularly unfortunate in his military operations is not surprising. The Garibaldians are detested by the Roman Catholic clergy on account of their activity against the temporal power of the Pope and the influence of the priesthood. Moreover, **Garibaldi** himself is no longer fit for an active campaign. His lameness is excessive, and though his intellect is as clear as ever, he has lost the dash of former days. Nevertheless, among the ardent republicans of France, his name still possesses a magical power, and it is not impossible that, aided by great successes elsewhere, his roving bands may yet achieve valuable service. Whatever happens, whether he dies on the field of battle or in his bed, he will leave behind him an imperishable name; he will be followed to the tomb by such sentiments of affectionate regard as few of the world's heroes have been able to command. The portrait of **Garibaldi**, which we give on page 4, is from a recent photograph.

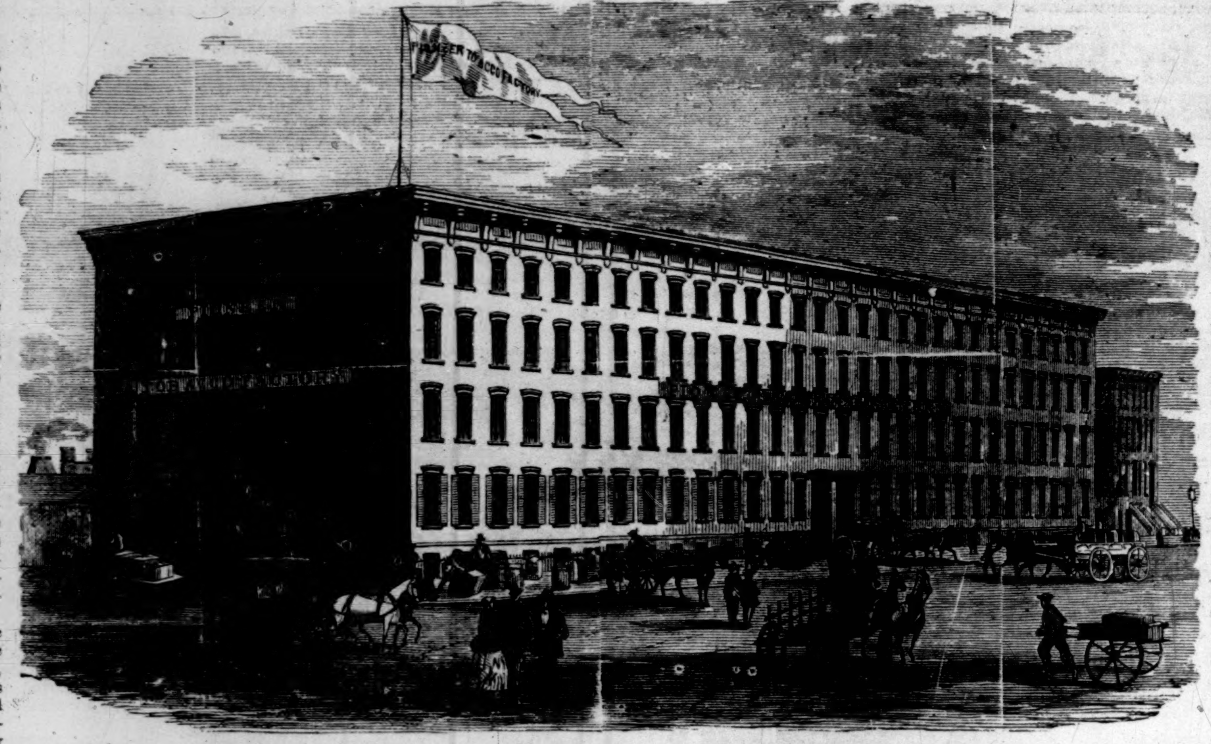


HOME TREASURES.

HOME TREASURES.

The original of this engraving, by a French artist of high repute, M. **Merle**, was one of a number belonging to a well-known Parisian dealer, which were sent to London for safe-keeping immediately before the investment of Paris by the Prussians. That nearest and most beautiful relationship on earth, of mother and child, is a theme on which, under various titles, M. **Merle**'s pencil has been often exercised. This present version of the painter's favorite subject has a metaphorical designation, the purport of which will be obvious to all, yet of which only a mother's heart will realize the full meaning. "Home Treasures"—how teaming with varied significance is the phrase! A thousand associations cluster thick about it. Who is there that, having once left or lost a "home," does not religiously preserve some memorial of that sanctuary of childhood or riper years? A trifle it may be, as regards intrinsic value, that is preserved, but a sacred relic, perhaps, of dear departed ones; or, possibly, all that remains to cherish is a faint remembrance. Yet who would exchange that bare recollection for all the dross that men call riches? And if we so prize the shadow of home, how must the substance be treasured! Ask this happy mother, with her handsome infant boy pressed more closely to her heart than a miser hugs his money-bags, and with her pretty daughter hanging round her bosom, far more fair to see, and infinitely more precious, than a necklace of rubies, pearls, or diamonds. Her answer would furnish the best commentary on the text afforded by the title. Looking at such a picture, one can understand **Ruskin**'s saying, that if an English or French artist can not paint a Madonna from an English or French mother, the study of all the "Raphaels" in the world would not help him.

THE PIONEER TOBACCO FACTORY.



THE PIONEER TOBACCO FACTORY, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

THE Pioneer Tobacco Factory constitutes the entire block on Hicks Street, between Warren and Baltic Streets, Brooklyn.

The main building is of brick, and is 200 feet long, 70 feet wide, and five stories high, being the largest Plug-Tobacco factory in the United States. In the rear of the factory is the Machine and Box shops, Engine-room, etc.

The buildings are all occupied by the Pioneer Tobacco Company, who own the machinery in use, including some valuable improvements secured by letters patent, of which they have the exclusive use and control.

Over five hundred people are employed in the manufactory, which is under the personal superintendence of G. H. LYFORD and W. J. FOUNTAIN.

The Company have made and sold, in the two years ending Dec. 31, 1870, 4,500,000 pounds of tobacco, and have paid the Government $1,400,000 taxes, being nearly as much as was collected on tobacco in the State of Virginia in the four years ending Jan. 1, 1869.

The old idea that because Leaf Tobacco happens to be raised in Virginia it must necessarily be manufactured there is giving away to the fact that Northern industry and capital can as well compete with Virginia in the manufacture of tobacco as with other Southern States in the manufacture of cotton goods.

The Pioneer Tobacco Company is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. H. W. HUNT, President; J. H. SANBORN, Secretary. H. W. HUNT & Co., Agents, 167 Water St., N. Y., and 16 Central Wharf, Boston.

The business is founded on a basis systematized and conducted in a manner which places the Company in a position precluding any differences with the Government.

The reputation of the Company and their goods is established. The celebrated brand "*Matchless,*" so well known and justly appreciated by the trade, is made by the Pioneer Tobacco Company.

To cure a Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat, use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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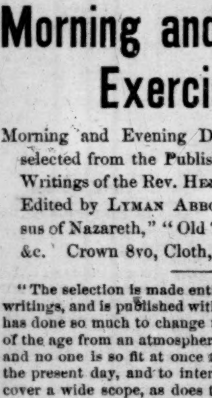

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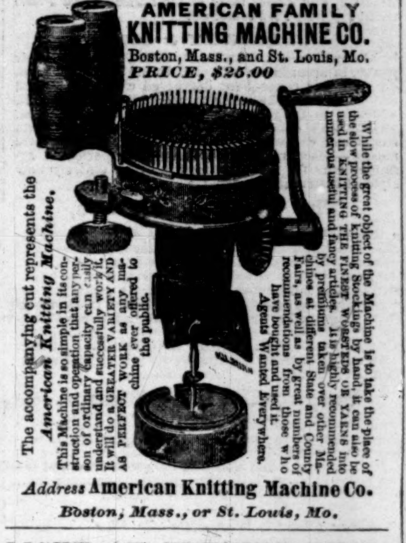

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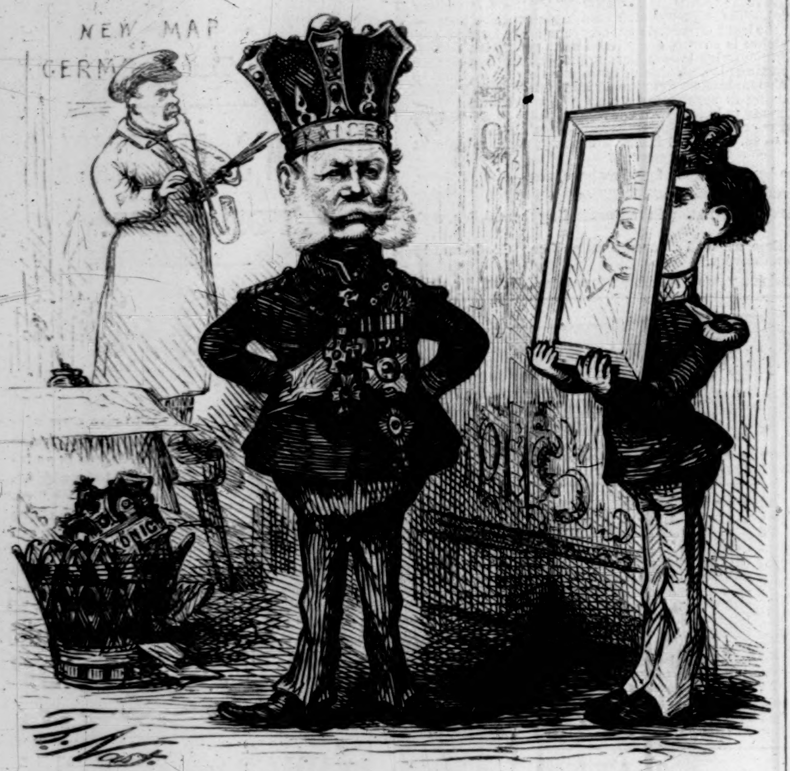

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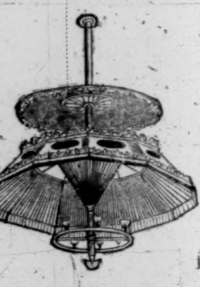

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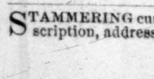

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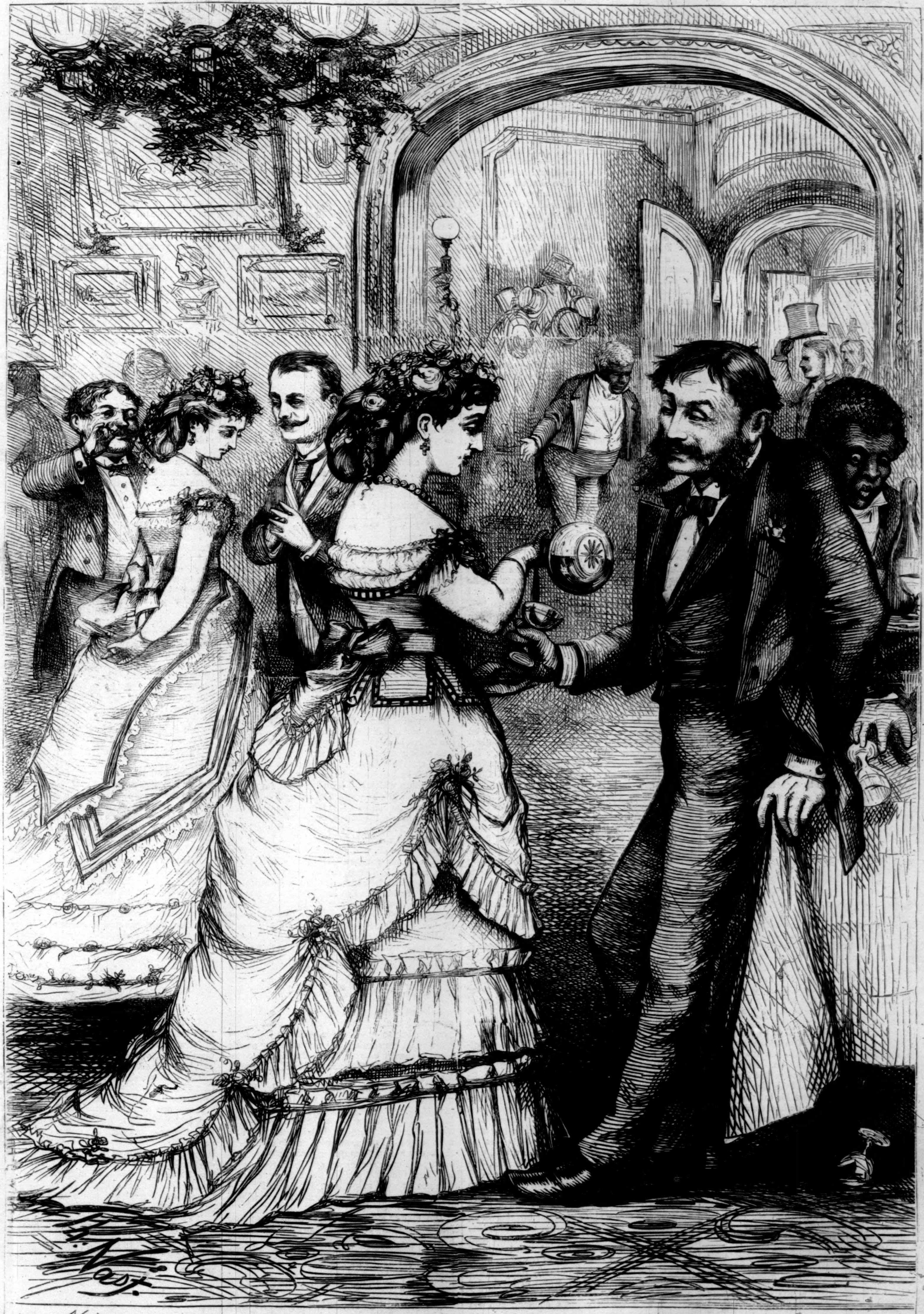


NEW-YEAR'S EVE AT IT AGAIN. CALLS.

SONG OF THE OLD YEAR.

AWAKE, awake, old Janus!
Your double visage show,
And open wide the gateway
Through which I needs must go;
Through which I needs must wander,
A ghost of former time,
And bear to land immortal
A record of this clime.

My royal life is ebbing,
And though I lusty seem,
To-morrow none will know me
But as a faded dream:
Behind your closing portal
I shall enshrouded be,
Gathered with all the ages
In past infinity.

The days, the months, the seasons,
Have loyal vassals been,
With faithful fingers weaving
These records that I glean;
But now in festal garments
They wait the coming king,
Ready to bear his mandates
And tribute still to bring.

A vision humbling truly,
While Death, too, draweth near;
For I have ruled a universe,
With naught to interfere—
With naught to interfere, say I?
Old Year, thy pride withdraw,
But delegated power hadst thou;
Thou, too, art slave to law!

A larger power than thou controls;
And none so regal be;
But something higher throned within
Revealeth Deity!
And yet, to meet thy service done,
A realm is still in store,
O'er which a sceptre of good deeds
Shall lift thee evermore.

Then open wide, old Janus,
The gate of passing time;
I hear the faint beginning
Of the twelve-month's fatal chime.
My spirit drops its fetters,
The far-beyond to delve:
Uprise! swing wide, old Janus,
The stroke is at the Twelve!

BRED IN THE BONE.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Gwendoline's Harvest," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

MAKING PEACE.

WHETHER Richard's own injuries proved fatal or not was with him a matter of secondary importance. His anxiety was to prove that they were received by misadventure; upon the whole, matters promised favorably for this, and were in other respects as satisfactory as could reasonably be expected. The blood of Solomon Coe was upon his own head. Richard had no need even to reproach himself with having struck in self-defense the blow that killed his enemy; and he did not reflect that he was still to blame for having, in the first instance, placed him in the mine. He had at least done his best to extricate him, and his conscience was (perhaps naturally) not very tender respecting the man who had repaid his attempt at atonement with such implacable animosity. At all events, Richard's mind was too much engaged in calculating the consequences of what had happened to entertain remorse. The question that now monopolized it was, what conclusion was likely to be arrived at by the coroner's inquest that would, of course, be held upon the body. The verdict was of the most paramount importance to him, not because upon it depended his own safety (for he valued his life but lightly, and, besides, his inward pain convinced him that it was already forfeited), but all that now made life worth having—the good regards of Harry and her son. He had no longer any scruple on his own part with respect to accepting or returning their affection. His fear was, lest, having been compelled to take so active a part in the rescue of the unhappy Solomon, something should arise to implicate him in his incarceration.

Fortunately he was far too ill to be summoned as a witness. His deposition alone could be taken, and that he framed with the utmost caution, and as briefly as was possible. His wounded lung defended him from protracted inquiries. Solomon himself had proposed the idea of a partnership in Wheal Danes, and his interest in the mine, the knowledge of which had suggested to Richard the place of his concealment, had evidently proved fatal to him. That he should have broken his neck just as Richaid had broken his ribs on such a quest was by no means extraordinary; but how he ever reached the spot where he was found at all, without the aid of a ladder, was inexplicable. The line of evidence was smooth enough but for this ugly knot, and it troubled Richard much, though, as it happened, unnecessarily. Had the place of the calamity been a gravel-pit at Highgate, it would have been guarded by constabulary, and all things preserved as they were until after the official investigation. But Wheal Danes, from having been a deserted mine, had suddenly become the haunt of the curious and the morbid. There was nothing more likely than that Solomon's ladder had been carried off, and perhaps disposed of at a high price per foot as an interesting relic. The presence of the half-extinguished torch that Richard had flung away in the second level (and which should by rights have been found in the third) was still more easily explained: there were a score of such things now lying about the mine which had been left there by visitors. In short, an "active" coroner and an "intelligent" jury could have come to no other conclusion than that of "accidental death;" and they came to it accordingly.

Other comforters had arrived to the wounded man, before the receipt of that good news, in the persons of Harry and her son and Agnes. There was a reason why all three should be now warmly attracted toward him, which, while it effectually worked his will in that way, gave him many a twinge. They looked upon him, as did the rest of the world, as the man who had lost his life (for his wound was by this time pronounced to be fatal) to save his friend. He told them that it was not so, and they did not believe him. He had not the heart to tell them how matters really stood; but their praise pained him more than the agony of his wound, and he peremptorily forbade the subject to be alluded to. This command was not difficult to obey. Solomon's death, although the awful character of it shocked them much, was, in reality, regretted neither by wife nor son: such must be the case with every husband and father who has been a domestic tyrant, no matter how dutifully wife and son may strive to mourn; his loss was a release, and his memory a burden that they very willingly put aside; and, in particular, his name was never mentioned before Agnes without strong necessity.

Mrs. Coe, always at her best and wisest in matters wherein her son was concerned, had never told this girl of the part which Robert Balfour had taken against her. It would have wounded her self-love to have learned that the influence of a comparative stranger had been used, and with some effect, to estrange her Charley. She would scarcely have made sufficient allowance for a man of the world's insidious arts, notwithstanding the circumstances that had so favored them. Thus Harry had justly reasoned, and kept silence concerning him. Agnes had therefore set down the gradual cessation of her lover's visits to Soho, and his growing coldness, solely to the hostility of Solomon. They had pained her deeply, though she had been too proud to evince aught but indignation; still she strove to persuade herself it was but natural that this lad, entirely dependent upon his father for the means of livelihood, and daily exposed to his menaces or arguments, should endeavor to steel himself against her; that he really loved her less she did not in her own faithful heart believe. It was, however, with no thought of regaining his affection that she had obeyed the widow's hasty summons on the news of the catastrophe at Wheal Danes, but solely from sympathy and affection. She had always loved and pitied her, for Harry had shown her kindness and great good-will; and, notwithstanding the girl's high spirit, she did not now forget, as many would have done, all other debts in that obligation so easy of discharge, namely, "what she owed to herself."

Her presence, notwithstanding the sad occasion of it, at once reawakened Charley's slumbering passion, and the coldness with which she received its advances only made it burn more brightly, like fire in frost. He felt that he had not even deserved the friendship she now offered him in place of her former love, and was patient and submissive under his just punishment. He hoped in time to re-establish himself in her affections; but at present, somewhat to Mrs. Coe's indignation, she had showed no sign of yielding. He did in reality occupy the same position in her heart as of old; but now that he was rich, and his own master (for his mother was his slave), she was not inclined to confess it. Had he been poor and dependent, she would have forgiven him readily enough; nor are such natures unparalleled in her sex, notwithstanding the pictures which are nowadays presented to us as types of girlhood.

Such, then, was the mutual relation in which these two young people stood, who ministered by turns (for Harry was always with him) to the wants of the dying Balfour. The feelings with which he was regarded by all three were in curious contrast with their former ones. What those of Harry were now toward him we can easily guess; her hate and fear had vanished to make room for love—not the love of old times, indeed, but a deeper and a purer passion; it could never bear fruit, she knew—it was but a prolonged farewell. To-morrow, or the next day, Death would interpose between them; but in the mean time they were together, and she clung to him.

Charley, on the other hand, with whom Balfour had once been such a favorite, felt, though attentive to his needs, by no means cordially toward him. Gratitude for the fancied service he had done to his late father compelled him to give Richard his company; but it was not accorded willingly, as heretofore. He could not but set down to the account of his companionship the present frigidity of Agnes, and at first he had even seen him a material obstacle to his hopes. This audacious man of the world, who had at one time so excited his admiration, had suddenly become in his eyes an impudent *roué*, who even on his sick-bed was only too likely to make their past adventures together the subject of his talk. True, his mother had told him that Mr. Balfour was now an altered man; but the young gentleman had entertained some reasonable doubts of this conversion. His manner to the sick man was so reserved and cool, indeed, that it seemed to all but Richard (who guessed the cause of it, and yet felt its effect more bitterly than all) unkind. This behavior on the part of his former ally did not injure Balfour in the regards of Agnes; she resented Charley's conduct, and did her best to redress it by manifesting her own good-will; she had herself had experience of his shifting moods and causeless changes of demeanor, and perhaps she was willing to show what small importance she attached to his capricious humors. Thus it happened that Richard and herself "got on" together much better (as well, of course, as much more speedily) than the former could have hoped for; for indeed he had, with reason, expected to find a bitter enemy in Agnes. He improved this advantage to the utmost by taking occasion, in Charley's absence, to praise the lad, under whose displeasure he manifestly lay. She answered that he had not, at least from Mr. Balfour's lips, deserved such praise.

"Nay, nay," said Richard, gently; "it is I who have not deserved the lad's good-will; and you, my dear young lady, ought to be the last to pity me, as I see you do."

"How so?" asked she, in surprise.

"Because," answered he, gravely, "I once strove to keep him from you."

She looked annoyed, and cast a hurried glance toward the place where Mrs. Coe had been sitting; but there was now only an empty chair there. The widow had purposely withdrawn herself, in accordance with Richard's wish. Agnes could scarcely leave the sick man without attendance.

"When I say, 'Keep him from you,'" continued Richard, "I mean that, being lonely and friendless (as you see I am but for you three), the society of this bright boy was very dear to me, and I selfishly strove to secure it when he would fain have been elsewhere. I needed, as you may well imagine, authority to back me in such efforts, but, unhappily for him, I possessed its aid. He now resents, and very naturally, the restraint which my companionship once imposed upon him, and sets down to my account the estrangement which he so bitterly rues. An old man's friendship is of no great worth at any time; but weighed in the balance against a woman's love—"

"Sir!" interrupted Agnes, with indignation.

"Pardon me," continued Richard, gently; "I see you do not love him. I am deeply grieved, for the sake of this poor lad, who is as devoted to you as ever, to find it so, and to feel that it was in part my fault. I will ask him to forgive me if he can."

"Nay, Mr. Balfour, I beseech you, don't do that," cried Agnes, with crimson cheeks.

"As you please," murmured he, gravely. "But, remember, a few days hence, or perhaps a few hours, and I may be beyond his forgiveness. It will then rest with you, young lady, to clear my memory. You are not angry with me—you can not be vexed with a dying man."

"No, no." She was sobbing violently; her heart was touched, not only by his own condition, as she would have had him believe, but by these confidences respecting Charley. There is nothing more dear to a young girl than the testimony of another man to her lover's fealty; the witness himself is even guerdoned with some payment of the rich store he bears; and from that moment Balfour was not only forgiven by Agnes, but even beloved by her.

CHAPTER XLIX

REST AT LAST.

THAT the termination of Richard's malady would be fatal did not from the first admit of doubt, but he lingered on beyond all expectation. The spring came on and found him yet alive at Gethin. He was never moved from the room to which he had been carried after his mischance—the same which had been his bedroom in the old times, when he was full of strength and vigor—wherein he had so often lain awake, revolving schemes to win his Harry, or slept and dreamed of her. The comparison of his "now" and "then" was melancholy enough, but it was not bitter. His pain was great, but not out of proportion to his comfort. He had still Harry's love, and he had even that of two other hearts besides, which he had reconciled and drawn together. In him Charles had had an unwearying advocate with Agnes, and at last he had won his cause. She had been driven to take refuge in her last intrenchment—her poverty—and Richard had made that untenable.

"You will not be an heiress, perhaps, my dear," he had said to her, "though you deserve to be one; but neither will you be undowered. I have left you all I have. Nay, it is not much—a few score acres by the sea—but they will soon be yours."

She had accepted them unwillingly, and under protest; but a day came when it became necessary for her to remonstrate with the sick man once again concerning this matter, sorry as she was to thwart or vex him; she therefore requested to have a few minutes' talk alone with him.

"Dear Mr. Balfour," said she, gently, "I am going to disobey you in once more reopening the matter of your kind bequest. Something has happened which has given the affair a wholly different aspect. Among the visitors yesterday to that dreadful mine, to which people still flock, there was a Mr. Stratum—a young engineer, it seems, of some reputation; and in his researches in Wheal Danes they say he has hit upon a great treasure, or what may turn out to be such."

"Ay," said Richard, with a smile; "what's that?"

"A copper lode. It is curious that so many folks should have come and gone there and never found it before; but there it is, for certain. Mr. Stratum has seen Charles, and tells him that he can hardly trust himself to speak of its probable value."

"Well, I congratulate you, my dear, on being an heiress."

"Nay, my dear Mr. Balfour, but this must not be. Overborne by your kind pressure I consented to receive this bequest—a considerable one in itself, indeed—for what it was. I could not now take advantage of your ignorance of its real value; it distresses me deeply to give you trouble in your present sad condition, but you must see yourself that circumstances compel me."

"Give me the will, my dear; it is in yonder drawer. Here is a letter folded in it in my handwriting. What does the superscription say?"

"*To Agnes Aird.*"

"Just so. You were to nave opened it after my death, but you may read it now. Please to do so aloud."

"MY DEAR YOUNG LADY,—When I am gone, it is my earnest desire that your marriage with Charles Coe shall take place as early as may be found convenient. He will make a good husband to you, I think; I am sure you will make him a good wife. He loves you for your own sake, which is the only love worth having. But, as it happens, you are very rich. In the mine which I have left you—in the northeastern corner of the bottom level—there is a copper lode, the existence of which is known to me, and to me only. I have every reason to believe that it will be found in the highest degree productive, and for your dear sake I trust it may be so. True, you will have money enough and to spare for your own needs, but wealth will not spoil you—in your hands it will be a great good. To the two injunctions which here follow I have no means to give effect, and must trust solely to your loyal heart to carry them out. I do so with the most perfect confidence. (1.) I wish that this bequest of mine, be the value of it ever so great, be strictly settled, upon your marriage, on yourself and your children, so that it can not be alienated by any act of your husband; and this I do not from any preference to yourself over him, or from any prejudice against him, God knows. (2.) In case the estate of Crompton, of which Wheal Danes formed a fragment, should again be in the market, and the mine turn out so valuable that its proceeds should enable you to purchase such estate (without inconvenience or damage to your interests), I do enjoin that you do so purchase it, and make Crompton your future home. This is a 'sick man's fancy,' some will tell you; and yet you will not neglect it."

"And you *will* not, Agnes dear?" whispered Richard, eagerly, when she had thus finished. "This is the last favor I shall ever ask of you. Promise me! promise me!"

"Oh, Sir, I promise you," cried Agnes, earnestly, and scared by his anxious feebleness; "your wishes shall be obeyed in all points."

"Good girl, good girl," sighed he; and though the effort pained him sharply, his face exhibited a great content. "Send Charley to me," said he, presently, in a faint voice.

"But you are tired already," remonstrated Agnes. "You have talked enough for to-day; see him to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated Richard, with a smile that chilled her heart. "There will be no to-morrow, dear, for me. Reflect hereafter that you made my last day a happy one. Kiss me, daughter." This term, which was uttered very fondly, did not surprise her, for she little guessed its full significance. She bent down, and kissed his forehead. "Send me Charley."

Those were the last words she ever heard him speak.

Agnes had told the young fellow how much feebler Mr. Balfour seemed that day, and warned him to make his interview as brief as possible; but Charley was of a sanguine temperament, and to his view the sick man looked better. The recent excitement had heightened his color, and, besides, he always strove to look his best and cheerfullest with Charley.

Balfour told him all that he had already said to Agnes respecting the provision he had made for her; he thought it better to relieve her from that task. But, to do Charley justice, he was neither grasping nor jealous. Nothing seemed more natural to him, or even more reasonable, than that Agnes should be made sole heiress.

"As for me, I should only make a mess of so much money," said he, laughing. "*She* understands how to manage"—meaning that she had a talent for administration of affairs—"five thousand times better than I do. Her father has taught her all sorts of good things, and that among them. You see the poor governor and I—we never pulled together. Perhaps if I had had a father a little less unlike myself, I might have been a better son, and a wiser one. It was unfortunate, as Mrs. Basil used to say. You remember her, of course?"

"Yes, indeed."

The sick man's tone was so full of interest that Charley, with great cheerfulness, proceeded to pursue this subject.

"She was an excellent old soul; and, for her age, how sprightly and appreciative! I remember—the very last time she came down to dinner—telling her that story of yours about the stags in harness, and it so interested her that she made me repeat it. It seemed to remind her of something that she had heard before; and yet the incident was original, and happened within your own experience, did it not?"

"It did," said Balfour, hoarsely.

"I am tiring you, my dear Sir," said Charley, anxiously. "What a fool I have been to chatter on so, when Agnes particularly told me to be brief. I shall leave you now, Sir; I shall indeed. Is there any thing I can do for you before I leave?"

"Nothing, nothing. If I strove to take Agnes from you, lad, I did my best to make her yours again. You don't dislike me now, dear boy, do you?"

"Dislike you, Sir!" cried the young man. "That would indeed be base ingratitude; you were always most kind to me, and you have loaded my Agnes with benefits. I can not say, Sir, how unhappy it makes me to see you lying here in pain, and—"

"And dying, Charley. Yes, you are sorry for me, good lad."

"Indeed, indeed I am, Sir."

"When your Agnes left me last she kissed me on the forehead—here. I would not ask it else—but—kiss me, Charley."

The sick man's voice was very weak and faint, but its tones were full of pathos. In some surprise, but without the least hesitation, the young man stooped down and kissed him. "I shall leave you now, dear Mr. Balfour, and only hope my thoughtless chatter may not have done you mischief. I will send my mother to you, who is so quiet, and so good a nurse, as an antidote. Good-by for the present, Sir."

"Good-by, dear lad—good-by."

Richard well knew it was good-by, not for the present, but forever.

When Mrs. Coe came into the sick man's room she perceived in him a change for the worse, so marked that it alarmed her greatly, and she was about to softly pull the bell when Richard stopped her with a look.

"Don't ring," whispered he, faintly. "Sit down by me, Harry; put your little hand in mine. I am quite happy. Our boy has kissed me."

"You did not tell him? He does not know?" inquired Harry, anxiously.

"Nay, dear, nay; I am not quite so selfish as that," answered he, gently.

There was a long pause.

"Do you think my mother knew about him?" asked Richard, presently.

"Oh yes—though I strove to deceive her—from the first moment she saw him, Richard, she knew it well. We never spoke of it, but it was a secret we had in common. She loved him as though he had been your very self; I am sure of that."

"And she knew *me* too, Harry."

"Impossible! She could never have concealed that knowledge—with you before her; for you were her idol, Richard."

"It was afterward," murmured the dying man. "When I had left the house Charley told her something I had related to him, which convinced her of my identity. I see it all now. She felt that I was bent on vengeance, and sent you after me to use that weapon of which she knew you were possessed. If we once came face to face, and you reproached me, my secret was certain to come out—just as it did, Harry—and then you had but to say, 'Charley is your son.'"

"But why did she not tell me who you were?"

"Because, if you were too late—if the mischief had been done on which she deemed me bent—if your—if Solomon had come to harm, she would not have had you know that Richard Yorke—the father of your child—had blood upon his hands. Oh, mother, mother, your last thought was to keep my memory free from stain!"

He spoke no more for full a minute; no sound was heard except the distant murmur of the sea, for the day was fine and windless. The April sun shone brightly in upon the pair, as if to bless their parting.

"Where is Charley?" murmured he.

"He is gone with Agnes for a walk, they will not be long; they talked of going to the Watch Tower. You remember the Old Watch Tower, Richard?"

"Well, ah, well!" answered he, smiling. "It is just twenty years ago. How often have I thought of it!"

For a moment—before they separated forever—these two seemed to themselves to relive the youth to which another generation had succeeded.

"Agnes is a far better girl than I was, Richard; but she can not love our boy more than *I* loved *you*."

Richard answered with a smile that glorified each ghastly feature, and brought out in them a likeness to himself of old.

"She will be his good angel, Harry," whispered Richard, gravely, "and will guard him from himself. He will need her aid, but it will be sufficient. I trust, I believe, that evil is not Bred in the Bone with him, as it was with me."

There was a long, long silence, broken by a silvery laugh, which came through the half-opened window like a strain of cheerful music, then was suddenly cut short.

"Hush, Charley; you forget," said the soft voice of Agnes; "he may be sleeping."

Through the calm spring air the reproof was borne into the sick man's room as clearly as the sound which had called it forth.

"He is so happy," whispered Harry, gently; "you must forgive him; remember he does not know."

"Yes, yes; it is better so. Dear Charley—happy, happy Charley!"

And a smile once more came over the sick man's face, which did not pass away, for Death had frozen it there.

L'ENVOI.

Years have passed since Richard Yorke was laid in the church-yard on the hill at Gethin, close beside his mother, whose bones Harry's pious care had caused to be transported thither.

If aught of things that here befall
  Touch a spirit among things divine—
If love has force to move us there at all,

her ghost was glad. "In time," thought Harry, "I too shall lie by his side, at last, once more."

Old Trevethick's prophecy was accomplished in the almost fabulous success that attended the working of Wheal Danes. If its shares are not quoted in the market, that is because the family have retained it in their own hands, in spite of the most dazzling offers.

Mr. Dodge has a codicil to his story at *The George and Vulture* now, and expresses his infinite satisfaction at the fact that "that 'ere Coe" came to grief in the end, as he had so richly deserved to do. "I don't doubt," says he, "that while he was underground with the bats and rats he thought of that poor lad as he had treated so spiteful. Things mostly does work round all right" (he would add) "under Providence, whose motto (if I may say so without disrespect) is summat like mine: 'Let us have no misunderstandings and no obligation.'" On the other hand, what "sticks in Mr. Dodge's throat," as he expresses it, and is "a'most enough to make a man an infidel," is, that "the widow of that 'ere Coe—she as was young Yorke's ruin—is living at Crompton (in the very house his father had) with all her brood."

Mr. Dodge is right in his facts, if not in his deductions. Out of the proceeds of the mine the whole home-estate of Crompton has been purchased by Charles Coe, or rather by his wife; and they both dwell there quite unconscious that he is the lineal descendant of the mad Carew, with whose wild exploits the country side still teems. If the old blood shows itself, it is but in quick starts of temper, and occasional "cursory remarks," which sound quite harmless in halls that have echoed to the Squire's thunderous tones; and even at such times Agnes can calm him with a word. If the open hand which is Bred in the Bone with him scatters its *largesse* somewhat broadcast, the revenues of Crompton, thanks to her, are in the main directed to good ends. In that stately mansion, whose hospitality is as proverbial though less promiscuous than of old, not only is there room for Mrs. Coe the elder to dwell with her young folks, without jar, but in a certain ground-floor chamber, the same he used to inhabit in old times, there dwells an ancient divine, once Carew's chaplain. He is still hale and stout, and has a quiet air that becomes his age and calling. Life's fitful fever is past, and he lives on in calm. The children—for there is small chance of Crompton being heirless in time to come—are very fond of him; and grandmamma spends so much time in the old gentleman's apartments, that Charley declares it is quite scandalous. What *can* Parson Whymper and she have to talk about in common? In spite of the attractions of her beautiful home, and the infirmities of advancing years, not a summer passes without Mrs. Coe the elder revisiting Gethin. The castled rock, up which she used to run so lightly, is beyond her powers; she is content to gaze on that with dewy eyes; but she never fails to seek the church-yard on the hill.

"He was what one would call a hardish husband to her, was old Solomon," say the neighbors, "and yet you see, when a man is dead, how a wife will keep his memory green!"

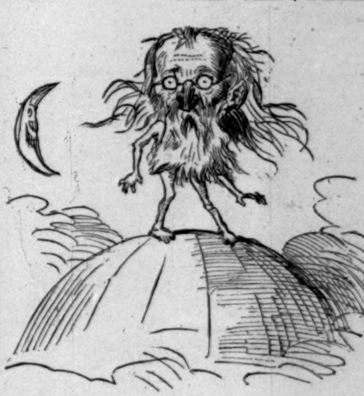
THE END.

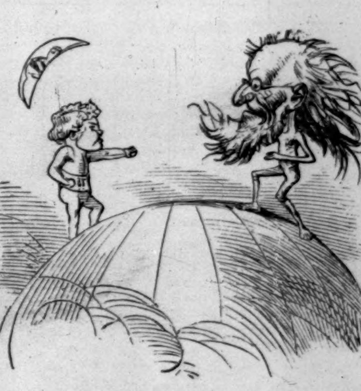
CHANGING NAMES IN OLD TIMES.

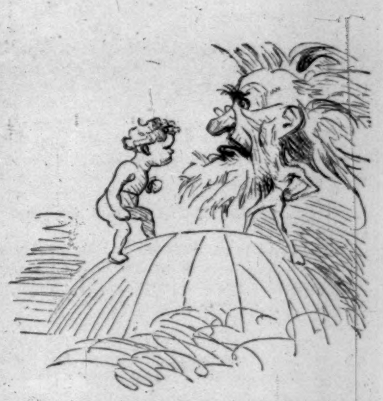
The practice of changing names abrubtly and of set purpose is an extremely ancient one, and one known to all nations, although never so freely indulged in as by the Americans, and by the English of the last years. The first changes that we have notice of in Hebrew history were made on the highest authority. Upon the occasion of the old man, Abram, receiving a divine promise that he should become "a father of many nations," his name, which had signified "high father," was altered to Abraham, the "father of a great multitude;" and the name of Sarai, "my lady," "my princess," was altered to Sarah, the "mother of many nations." When Jacob, the "supplanter," had prevailed in his night-long wrestling with "a man" whom he identified with God, his mysterious antagonist bestowed on him the name of Israel, a "prince with God." The names of Belteshazzar, Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, were conferred respectively on Daniel, Hananiah, Michael, and Azariah, children of the captivity of Judah, at the court of Nebuchadnezzar, by Asphenaz, chief of the eunuchs of that monarch. The name of Paul, a "worker," would seem to have been conferred on Saul as a tribute for the zeal and activity he displayed after his conversion to Christianity. In the thirteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles the transition time is marked by an alias—"Saul (who also is called Paul)"—before which the former, and after which the latter, of the two names is used exclusively.

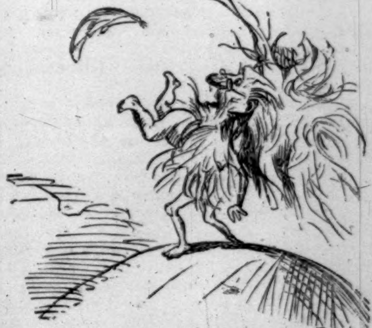
In ancient profane history likewise we have examples of changes of name accompanying or marking some notable change in the office, character, or circumstances of the person affected. Upon his accession to the throne of Persia, for example, Codomanus became Darius; Romulus, on the occasion of his apotheosis, received the name of Quirinus; while the second of the Cæsars offers an instance of both the dropping and the assumption of names. Octavianus had in early life been known by the "cognomen" of Thurinus, as Suetonius tells us; although that pleasant historian is in doubt whether this name had reference to the origin of his ancestors, or to some distinctions of a military kind which his father had gained in Thurium. "Afterward he assumed the cognomen first of Cæsar, and then of Augustus, one of these names being prescribed to him by the will of his uncle, and the other by the advice of Munatius Plancus." Among the Romans persons who were adopted into noble families substituted the name of the latter for their own original appellations; and slaves, in manumission, took their master's name in addition to their own single one.

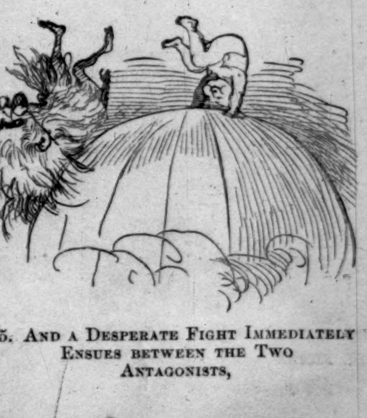
THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

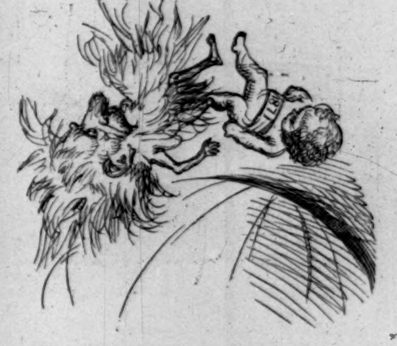

1. The Old Year Wonders what Time it is.

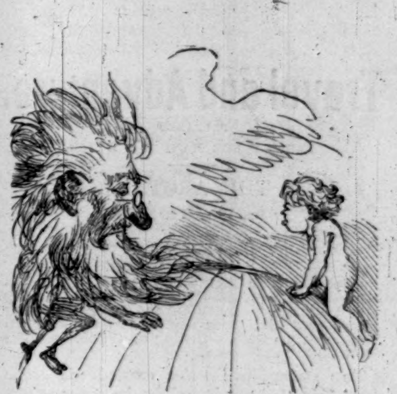

2. The New Year cries, "Time for You to Leave!"

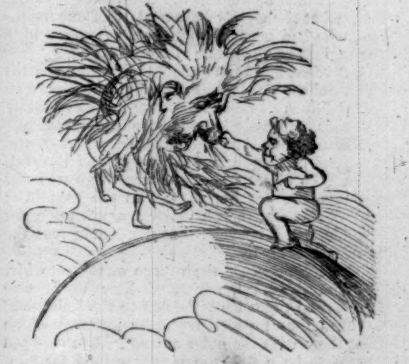

3. The Old Year Decidedly Objects;

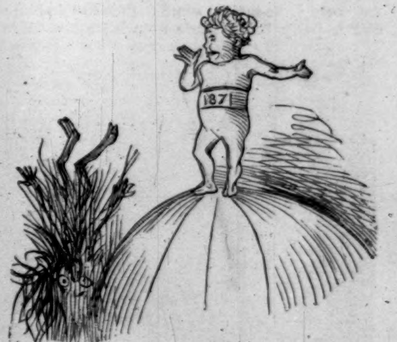

4. Whereupon the New Year Vigorously Pitches into Him;


5. And a Desperate Fight Immediately Ensues between the Two Antagonists,

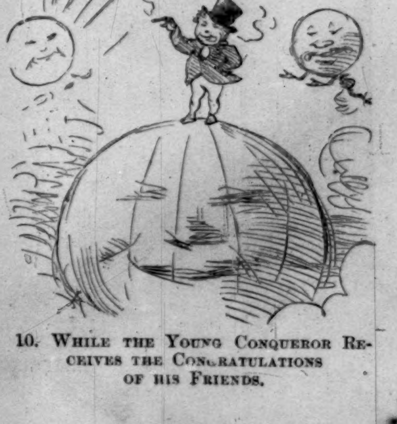

6. Which is Energetically Carried on.

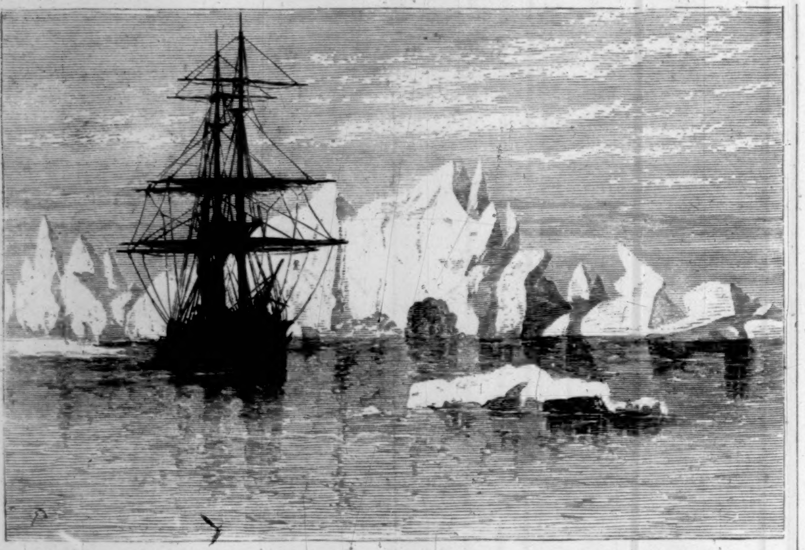

7. But Youthful Muscle and Pluck are too much for the Old Fellow;


8. Who, upon getting a Well-directed Blow on the Nose,



9. Throws up the Sponge and Precipitately Retires,


10. While the Young Conqueror Receives the Congratulations of his Friends.



THE "PANTHER" CROSSING THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ACROSS THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

By Dr. ISAAC I. HAYES.

CHAPTER I.

Crossing the Arctic Circle.—Caught in a Fog-Bank.—Among the Icebergs.—Entering a Fiord.—Among the Arctic Birds.—Esac's Hut and Family.—Singular Evasion of the Liquor Law.—The most Northern House on the Globe.—Getting on the Rocks.—The Whalemen's Grave-yard.

THE steamship *Panther* crossed the arctic circle July 31, 1869, bound for the upper waters of Baffin Bay. She was not, however, bound upon a voyage of discovery, nor did she belong to the whaling fleet which for the past three centuries has annually visited the icy regions; nor was she in pursuit of the codfish, salmon, and halibut which abound in the Greenland seas and lakes; but she simply bore a party of excursionists, who had resolved to make a summer trip to the regions of the arctic circle.

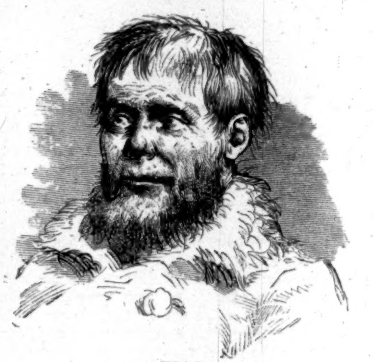
Our vessel had been chartered for three months at St. Johns, Newfoundland, from which port we sailed July 2. She was a strongly built vessel of 350 tons, expressly intended for ice navigation.

Her owners had coaled, officered, manned, and equipped her for the voyage as part of the contract. To direct where she was to go was our business; to put her there was the captain's; and all risk and responsibility lay, not upon our shoulders, but between that gentleman and the insurance company.

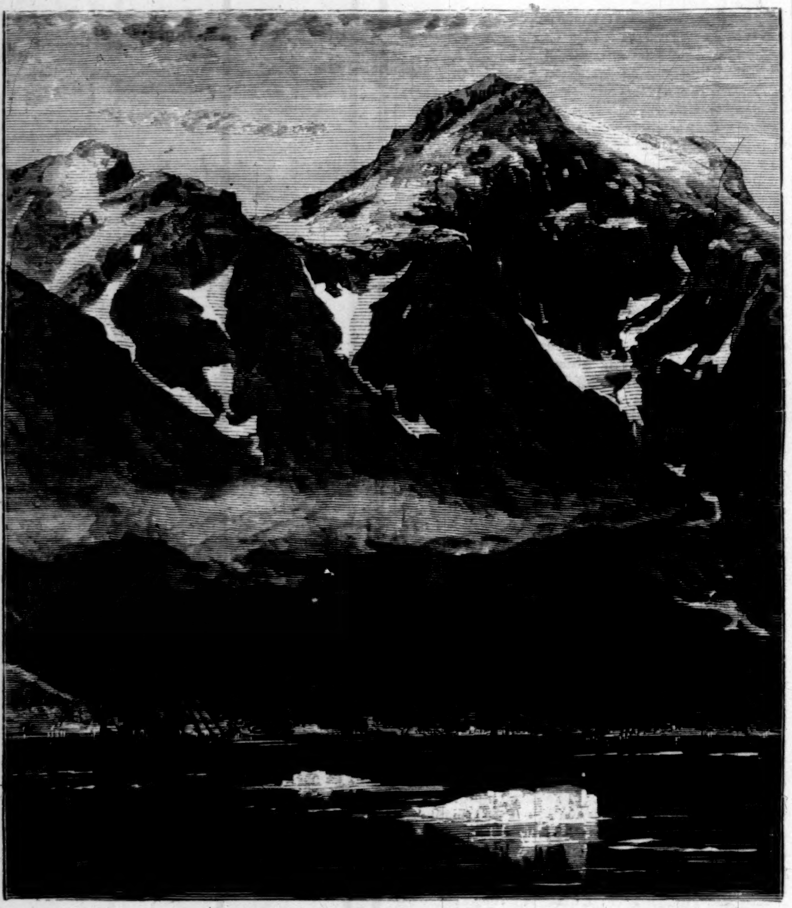
The inception of the voyage was due to Mr. William Bradford, artist, of New York, who had several times been "down to the Labrador" to sketch and photograph the icebergs which float there with the polar current. But this had proved to be a field too circumscribed for him, and he was no longer satisfied with such a subarctic question. He had become ambitious to try his hand upon the more grand and picturesque scenery of Greenland, to trace the icebergs to their home, and sketch them in their cradle. Accordingly he invited some friends to join him; and a party being made up with all possible haste, I became very gladly one of the adventurers. And so it came about, on this beforementioned 31st of July, that I found myself for the third time crossing the arctic circle, northward bound.

We were not destined to reach our summer pleasure-grounds without adventures. Once we were nearly cast away in a gale; once almost overwhelmed by the breaking of an iceberg; twice we were aground in dangerous places; and at last, when fairly running into Baffin Bay, we were suddenly enveloped in a dense fog-bank, through which we slowly and anxiously groped our way for many hours. At length, to our great relief, we suddenly shot out from the gloomy pall into bright sunlight. The limit of the fog was almost like a wall, so sharp and well defined that while the quarter-deck was still in its shadow the forecastle was brightly illuminated. Fearful that the fog might roll over us again, the *Panther* was put to her speed, and we steamed on into very different scenes.

Though still among the icebergs, we were now in a bright instead of a cloudy atmosphere. The icebergs were, in fact, so numerous about us that we could often not see the horizon, and we were sometimes obliged to deviate from a straight course, to the right or left, in order to avoid one of these huge floating islands of the deep. But this was a trivial circumstance, for we had dodged about among such neighbors many a time before.



ESAC.



THE PEAK OF KRESARSOOK.

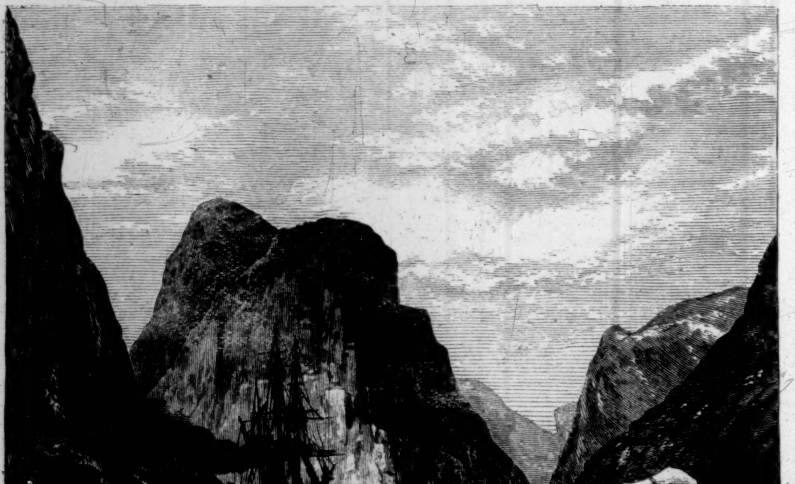
It was the atmosphere that made the scene one to be long remembered. The hour was approaching midnight, and the sun, nearing the north, gradually dipped until it had touched and finally passed beneath the horizon, with its upper limb barely below the line of waters. For some time previous the sky had been peculiarly brilliant, but when the sun went fairly down, the little clouds, which had before been tipped with crimson, melted away, and the whole sky became uniformly golden, while the sea, quite motionless, unruffled by even the slightest breath of air, reflected the gorgeous color like a mirror; and the icebergs, of every size, from the puny fragment a few fathoms only in diameter to the enormous block hundreds of feet in height, and of every shape, from the wall-sided semblance of a giant citadel to the spired effigy of a huge cathedral, wore an aspect of indescribable brilliancy as they floated there in the golden sea. In color they were wonderfully varied—against the brilliant sky dark purple, shading away to left and right into amethyst, and then into green and blue and pearly white; and away behind us, against the dark fog-bank which lay upon the waters, chased silver; while every where around were flecks of lustrous splendor stolen from the sky.

Emerging from this blaze of brightness we glided on through the night in view of some of the finest coast scenery of a region where the scenery is never tame. First we passed under the gloomy, cavernous Black Hook; and then near the stupendous cliffs of the main land, which, cut by deep gorges, seemed like grim old time-worn columns holding up against the sky a vast white entablature—the great icy sea of Greenland. Then we came beneath one of the noblest landmarks of the coast—a cone-shaped mountain rising from the sea, which we had first seen some sixty miles or more away. Then it was but a dark hommock against the sunset; now through the breaks in a fleecy cloud which girdled it we caught occasional glimpses of its crest silvered by the rays of the morning sun.

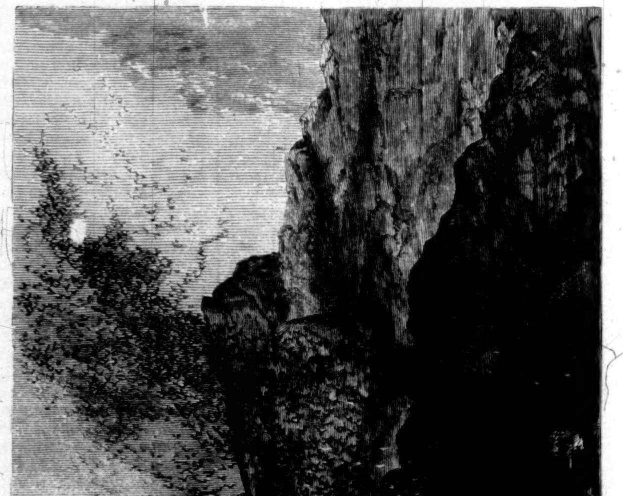
Tempted by the unusually grand aspect of the scenery, Mr. Bradford desired to make a landing, and, tempted by the hope of game, the sportsmen were of the same mind; so, with helm a-port, we wheeled in on the south side of the mountain, and entered, close beside its base, a narrow, winding fiord just as the sun was dropping his earliest rays down upon a silvery thread of unencumbered waters winding between cliffs of unparalleled magnificence. The base of the mountain formed the cliffs on our left, and, as I afterward determined, they were at one point 2870 feet high, rising so squarely from the water that it seemed almost as if one might drop a plumb-line from the summit into it.

The mountain is an island some ten miles in diameter east and west, by six north and south. This line of cliffs is almost uniform around its base, above which the conical top ascends quite regularly to an altitude of 4500 feet. And such is Kresarsook—the "big mountain" of the natives—the Sanderson's Hope of old John Davis, who discovered it in 1585.

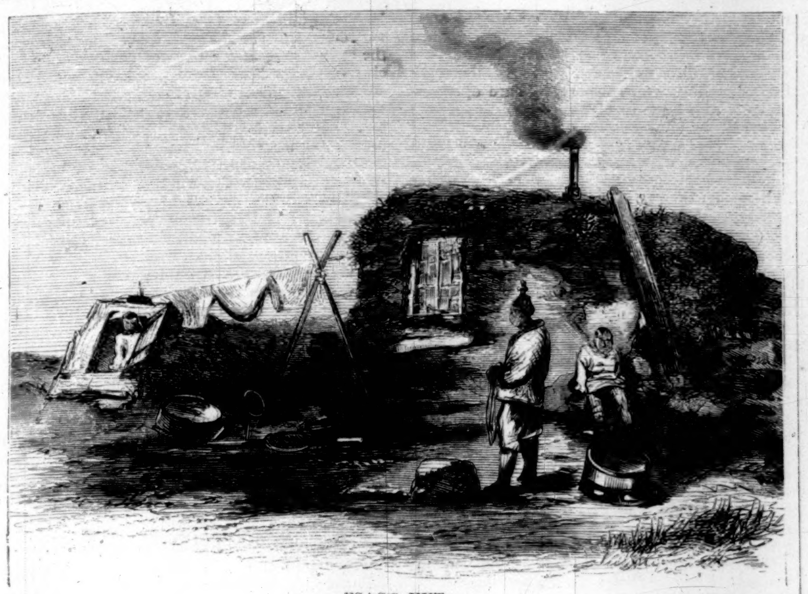
The cliffs upon our right were not less lofty nor less gloomy. The fiord widened a little by-and-by, and we opened a more cheerful spot. There, for a short distance, the cliffs at the base of the mountain are broken away, and the slope of the mountain itself extends down in an almost unbroken line from the crest to the sea. Here there were some signs of life. Up to about 500 feet elevation the slope was in places green—little patches of mountain heather and moss and stunted grass, which some flowers speckled with white and yellow. It seemed like a curtain hung across the entrance to the interior of the mountain, where, according to native tradition, dwell mountain giants. By this same



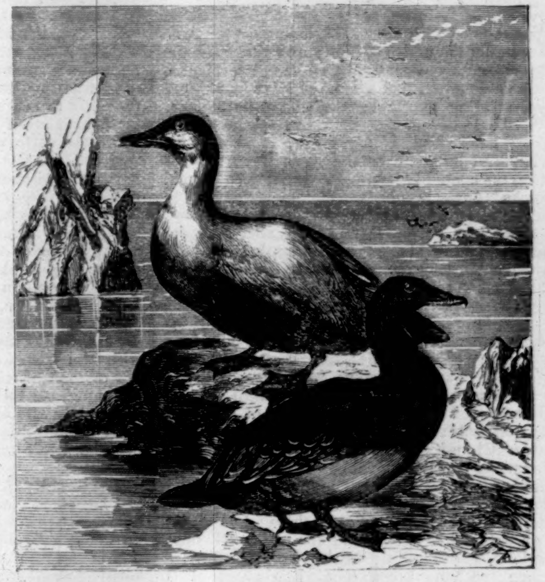
ENTERING THE FIORD.



ARCTIC BIRD-SHOOTING.



ESAC'S HUT.



EIDER-DUCKS.

tradition the mountain should be but a shell, the whole interior being one great cave, which, if true, gives the giants plenty of room.

Meanwhile we had been pushing on toward our place of destination, which was a great truncated cone standing in the middle of the fiord, and right before us. This truncated cone we came to know right well afterward. Its height is 2300 feet. Its sides slope a little only from the perpendicular, and at our position when Esac left us there was no perceptible break in the line of the cliff to an altitude of 1460 feet. Above, the top is more or less ragged, yet the crest is nearly level, and the whole aspect of the rock is one of such great symmetry that it seems almost as if it were carved by man for a monumental pile.

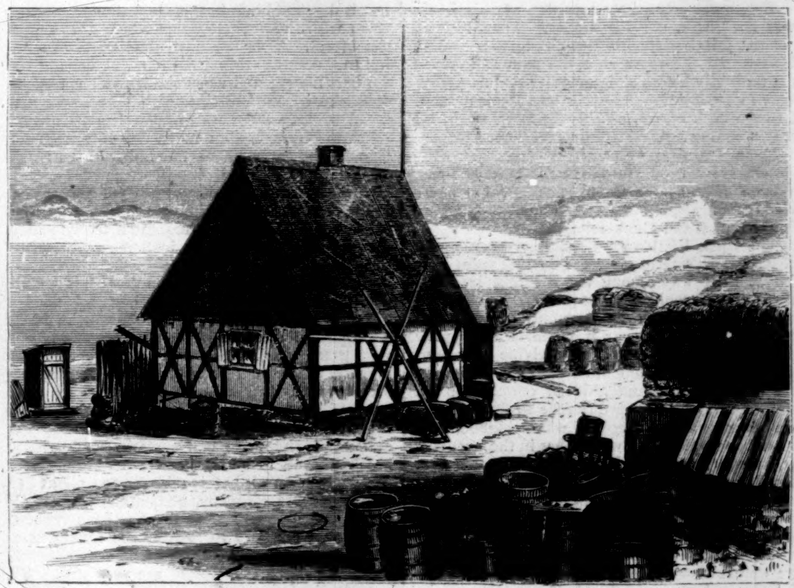
Upon a close inspection of it can one only realize its immense height. Even after having visited and examined it I was quite amazed when I came to measure its dimensions. We were, indeed, all much deceived, and none worse than the captain, who, when four miles away from it, thought he was quite as near as it was safe to go, and accordingly he hauled the *Panther* up alongside of an iceberg, and tied her fast.

How rejoiced were we all now to get once more out of the ship! A landing on the iceberg was easily effected, and we ran about over it as if it had been dry land. It was comparatively small, being not over a hundred yards in diameter by fifty feet in height, and it was undulating on the top. In the little valleys the water which the warm sun had formed of the pure fresh ice had gathered, and from one of these little lakes we watered the ship.

Satisfied that this was a place for birds, I persuaded the captain to take a boat with me and row toward a vast cliff, which, owing to a strange optical illusion, appeared to be only a few rods distant. To the captain's amazement we had a pull of more than a mile before reaching its base. Then the sight was grand. Looking up we saw the cliff towering nearly half a mile above our heads, and its perfect counterpart beneath in the bright, clear waters.

A strange feature of this cliff, and others of like geological formation, is that the rock is fractured here and there horizontally, and that scales have splintered off from time to time, leaving a series of narrow ledges, or steps, which extend from the very bottom to the top; and these ledges are in the summer time the home or breeding-place of myriads of birds. These birds are the well-known "Bacaloo bird" of Newfoundland and Labrador, and the St. Lawrence region generally, where they winter. They are the lumme of the Arctic seas, and the *Uria Brunichii* of the naturalist.

When about half a mile away from the cliff we began for the first time to perceive something of its character. Then birds came flying over us in considerable numbers. Many of them were on the water, and like all the divers, who rise with difficulty, they made a great noise about us as they prepared to take the wing, flapping along close over the surface of the sea. As we kept nearing the cliff the birds became still more and more numerous.



THE MOST NORTHERN HOUSE ON THE GLOBE.

Presently we heard a murmuring sound like that of distant falling waters. Then, as we came under the cliff, this sound changed its note, and became so loud that we were obliged to elevate our voices to make ourselves heard.

The noise was caused by the constant fluttering of innumerable birds, and incessant screaming. Some of the ledges, or shelves, on which they sat were very narrow, others were two or three feet wide; some were but a few yards in length, others were many rods; some were in pretty regular order, one above another, others were not quite horizontal; but upon all of them, from near the water's edge to the summit of the cliff, the birds were sitting, packed close together, and facing outward—sitting bolt upright, row above row, crowded into the smallest possible compass, and looking for all the world like soldiers with white coats and black caps standing shoulder to shoulder on parade. Low down the birds were easily counted; but higher up they melted away into scarcely distinguishable lines of whiteness, and higher still they disappeared from sight altogether.

At first it puzzled me to account for their strange attitude; but when I remembered that each female bird lays but one egg, it was readily explained. They make no nest whatever, but lay their single egg upon the naked rock. The bird can only cover it, therefore, by placing it upon its end, which is accomplished with the bill, and then she sits down upon it as if it were a stool.

After listening a while to their strange cries, and watching their movements, we remembered that we had come out to try our luck at shooting. Our guns were fired simultaneously, and down came plump into the water birds enough to make a meal for the whole ship's company. But what a change now there was in the aspect of the cliff! Following the discharge of the guns there was an instant of calm. It seemed as if every scolding voice was hushed. Every bird had leaped into the air, and now the wild flutter of their wings, as they darted away from the rock, was like the rush of a tornado, while they were so numerous as they passed over that they threw a shadow on us like a cloud; and having sprang from their eggs so quickly, many of them were left insecure, and a perfect shower came spattering down the cliffs.

But the birds did not long keep the air. They came down upon the water, with a great splash, about a quarter of a mile from the cliff, perfectly blackening its surface. Some of them did not even go so far; but, wheeling about in mid air, they put back in haste to get once more upon their eggs before they had time to cool; and those who took the water soon came back, despite the danger, to shelter their precious all.

A few more shots satisfied us with this kind of sport. Verily, in the sportsman's sense of the word, there was no sport in it at all. Having knocked over about twelve dozen, we returned on board, leaving the poor frightened lumme at such peace as they might find in the confused state of the private property which must have resulted from our so repeatedly driving them from their family stools.

Every boat was now immediately in requisition, and every gun was started on its murderous work; and there was great rivalry and great destruction, and half a ton of birds was the day's reward.

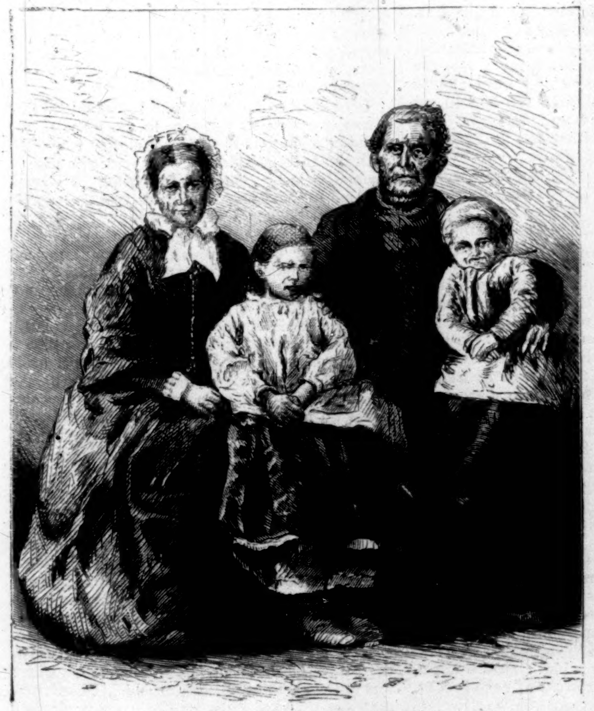
After this successful raid upon the feathered inhabitants of the cliffs we cast off from the iceberg, and steamed over to the little bay of Karsuk, where we found good anchorage with sandy bottom, and paid a visit to Esac, the trader of Karsuk—or, as we, with much gravity, styled him, "governor"—the only white person there.

The government house at Karsuk is of the same general style of architecture that prevails throughout the village, and differs only from the others in its superior size, increased comfort, and greater ornamentation. That is to say, the vestibule is not so long as that of the others, and does not, therefore, accommodate so many snarling dogs and litters of puppies, the owner being rich enough to afford a separate shelter for those ordinary members of a Greenland family. Then this same vestibule is four instead of three feet high, and you run a correspondingly less risk of knocking your brains out as you go in. The interior—roof, floor, and walls—is lined and covered with planed boards, which Esac has obtained from the government stores at Upernavik.

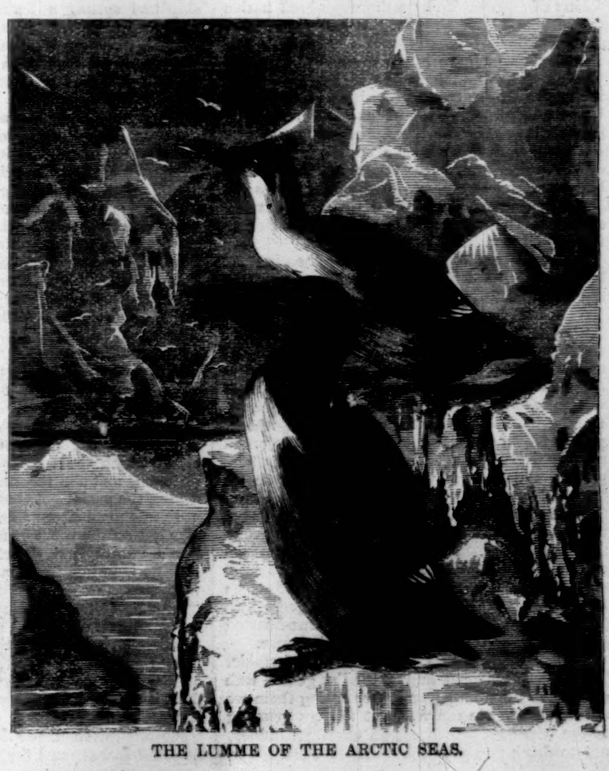
The house has but one room, it is true, but then it is sixteen by twenty feet, while the native houses are ten by twelve, and their walls are lined with seal-skins instead of boards, and the floor is covered with flat stones. As for the walls, they are all built alike, six feet high and four feet thick, of stones and turf. There is a roof of rough timbers and boards; then the whole, roof and walls, is covered with heavy sods, which grow green, and convert the hut into a sort of mound. At fifty yards you could hardly distinguish Esac's house from the general green of the hill-side but for the government stove-pipe which sticks through the roof, and the smoke of Danish coal that comes from it.

Esac had previously paid us a visit, and obtained some medicine for rheumatism, and had evidently made good use of it, as he was clearly free from pain. He did not once mention it. But he extended his huge hand to welcome us, and introduced us to his wife, and invited us to be seated, with immense decorum, and with a high appreciation of the rights of hospitality. Half the floor was raised a foot above the other half, and down we sat on this, along with the different members of his family, including a son recently married and his blushing bride—at least it is fair to suppose that she was doing what brides always do, as a matter of course, only she was too dark to allow the blushes to be visible. Along the back part of this raised place there were piled up great bags of eider-down, which are spread out at night, and there the numerous family of Esac would bestow themselves to sleep.

Esac's wife was a thorough-bred Esquimaux, and she sat beside a lamp and kettle groaning



THE GOVERNOR AND FAMILY.



THE LUMME OF THE ARCTIC SEAS.

audibly. She wore yellow boots of extraordinary length, seal-skin pantaloons, a Scotch plaid jacket lined with fawn-skin, hair twisted into a knot after the native fashion; and altogether she looked neat and matronly. Esac's approbation left no doubt on that score. "Mine frau!" said he, pointing to the lady of the yellow boots. "Mine frau—all the same you speakum vife. Very good vife. Plenty vurks;" and with his right forefinger he counted this item, number one, off upon his left forefinger; "plenty good cooks" (finger number two); "plenty good coffe makum" (finger number three); "plenty sew" (finger number four); and then, after a pause, and dropping his fingers, evidently regarding them as of no further account, he threw back his head, sniffed the air, and said, triumphantly, and as if there was no use talking further, "no smell."

But if Esac's frau did not smell, the government house did, so that we remained only long enough to pet the babies, bestow some presents, and receive some in return, when we took to the open air for relief; not, however, until we had partaken of a really excellent cup of coffee of this estimable lady's preparing—coffee being the universal and, besides the pipe, almost the only luxury of these arctic wilds. It is offered to you every where, in every hut and tent even of the lowest savage. It has, of course, only been in use since the Christians came there; but now it is a national beverage, and one of the principal articles used in trade. In the Upernavik district alone the annual consumption is about 6000 pounds among a total population of less than 700 souls—nearly ten pounds to each man, woman, and child. And in this district every man, woman, and child has free access to the government store-rooms, provided he brings blubber, walrus or narwhal ivory, eider-down, or some other merchantable commodity; and in return he receives every needful article of civilized comfort and convenience, save and except only that villainous "fire-water" which has played such a conspicuous part in the demoralization and destruction of our own Indians. Once a year only are the people allowed to smile at the bottom of an empty glass. This is on the king's birthday, when every where throughout Greenland all the able-bodied native men march in single file to the door of the government store-room to receive, each in his turn, a glass of "schnapps," and enjoy the privilege of drinking to the reigning majesty of Denmark. The women are excluded; but a man may kiss his wife in Greenland without offense; and he may drop down her throat at the same time whatever portion of the king's bounty may suit his generosity and convenience, and nobody be the wiser for it.

The exclusion of spirits from the Greenland natives is but one of many evidences of the paternal care which the Danish government exercises over these children of nature. The government has made it a steady policy to convert them into useful subjects, instead of reducing them to dependents, and, while practicing toward them the Christian virtues, causes them to be taught Christian doctrines in conformity therewith. There being thus no conflict between precept and example, the Greenlanders have embraced Christianity, with its churches and its schools, and present an exceptional example of the current of a savage nature being turned into the broad stream of modern civilization. They are even instructed in the system of civilized governments, and every "district" of Greenland has its native parliament—a sorry parliament, to be sure, but still it serves an excellent purpose; and if all parliaments did their duty half so well, the world would be better governed. They provide for the poor; they render assistance to the unfortunate; they punish the indolent and guilty; they reward the industrious; and what more do you want? Each small town or settlement of the district sends up a "member;" and, to cite Upernavik district as an example, we see represented (in the semi-annual assembly at the town, or, as usually called, the colony of Upernavik) by a thorough-bred native the settlements of Proven, South Proven, Karsuk, Aukpodlartok, Kresarsook, Kiryitok, and Tessuisak, which, with one from the colony of Upernavik itself, makes eight representatives of the rights, interests, and dignities of the entire Upernavik district, with its united interests of its 669 people. The home government allows the parliament the use of a certain percentage of the proceeds of the district, and the annual budget of the Upernavik government shows the appropriation of about three thousand Danish dollars to charities, and as prizes and rewards for skillful hunting.

These are homely practices; but then it must be borne in mind that Greenland is a long way off, and that little Denmark is a gallant nation.

We were bound to the colony of Upernavik, capital of the Upernavik district; and having accomplished our business in the fiord, we steamed around the base of the "big mountain," and in a couple of hours were at anchor again in a most uncomfortable situation, among a great quantity of drift, indirectly off the little town, which, perched upon the naked, treeless rocks, presented a most wobegone appearance. Yet hearty hospitality and a warm welcome were in store for us, as I knew they would be; and we soon forgot the desolate surroundings, as one would forget the desert in the wild flower that he finds growing by the way. My friend of former years—good old Governor Rudolph—was there to greet us. And his great ancestor, the father of all the Hapsburgs, could not have welcomed guest with more lordly courtesy than did this true-hearted gentleman offer us the freedom of his house.

And his house was snug and comfortable. Two lovely children and a kindly, gentle wife comprised the family; and after seeing them we needed not to see the fragrant flowers growing in the windows, nor to eat an excellent dinner, nor to drink freely of the wine, to convince us that we were in a home as happy as it was refined. The wild winds might whistle as they would over the boundless wilderness beyond the window panes—they could not disturb the peace and comfort that reigned within.

Upernavik district extends from about latitude 70° to latitude 74°, and enjoys the peculiar distinction of being the most northern spot of all the earth where civilized industry is carried on. Of this district Tessuisak is the most northern settlement or outpost. This settlement lies some fifty miles north of Upernavik, and here, after leaving Upernavik, and twisting for many hours about among a perfect maze of islands, we made our next halt. The place differs in its general features from Karsuk, already described, only in having for its trader a man of more intelligence, and altogether of very different character from Esac, with the wife of many virtues. His wife is Danish, and he brought her with him from Copenhagen to this last boundary of the Christian world, and he lives here in a comfortable little house of civilized construction. His wife when she first came here was a fresh young bride; and here four children have been born to them—one of these sleeps among the stones.

The town itself is otherwise not unlike Karsuk, and has about the same number of native inhabitants, an equal number of yelping dogs (I should say about a hundred), and the average proportion of the filth and stench inseparable from a town of such description. Among it all the trader's little whitewashed house loomed up cheerily, and, like a light-house in a dirty fog, it was a pleasant thing to look upon. It was late at night when we dropped our anchor, but the photographers had time to get out their camera and bath, and as the clock struck twelve they made a picture of it—the most northern house upon the globe, photographed by the light of the midnight sun! We carried the picture off as a pleasant souvenir.

But, unhappily, the proprietor of this house was not there, nor his family. They had all gone off reindeer-shooting—a circumstance which I regretted the more that the man had served me faithfully before as interpreter and dog-manager in 1860–61. His name was Peter Jursen. I saw him, however, two weeks later, upon our return southward.

From Tessuisak we passed northward over the classic ground of the old whaling fleet—past Wedge Island and Cone Island, and Horse's Head, and Cape Shackleton; and finally we fetched up at the Duck Islands.

The Duck Islands were in former years a sort of whalemen's rendezvous. To this point they fought their way among the dreadful ice-fields along the Greenland coast; and now they are beyond the Danish colonies, and beyond the reach of human succor if misfortune happens them. Ahead of them lies Melville Bay, and the "middle ice," and the "pack," which they are bold to enter, and if lucky enough, in the end, to pass, they are pretty sure to find an ample reward in the cargo of whale blubber and whalebone which they will gather in the northern and western waters. In former times this fleet numbered something like a hundred sail; but now about a dozen steamers do the work of the noble old sailing ships, of which the recently destroyed *True Love* was the last. As the fleet "take the ice" here early in June or late in May, we were, of course, too late for them.

When a little more than half-way between the first and second of the Duck Islands we ran, at nearly full speed, upon a sunken rock, not laid down on the charts—probably for the reason that nobody ever hit it before. We struck it first with the stem, and fortunately glanced off to port, thus easing the shock, and by somewhat deadening the headway of the steamer the better enabled us to take the rock again and get fast aground. The shock was, I need hardly say, rather startling than otherwise. The timberheads were, of course, started; of course the ship had sprung a leak; of course we would have to take to our boats, and make our way as best we could to Tessuisak and Upernavik, and then meet the Danish ship, and reach home by way of Copenhagen, leaving the *Panther* to go to pieces on the rocks. It was not a pleasant prospect, but there was no help for it. At least such was the prevailing opinion. Bradford and the photographers were in a great stew about the "negatives." Our special artist (a very lively young gentleman, much given to caricature, who, for short, bore the cheering name of "Blob") was much alarmed for the safety of his numerous sketches. "The Professor" bemoaned the fate of his immense collection of specimens. But to every body's great surprise, and to the utter destruction of every body's well-laid plans of misfortune, a careful examination proved that no harm had been done whatever, except to the cabin furniture. The shock set our cups and plates shying about the deck in a very fragmentary state, and sent our cabin-boy, who was, as usual, asleep in the pantry, head foremost through the door, where he tripped up the steward, who was bringing in a pot of boiled mush, all of which the unhappy boy received on his stomach, and for the first, last, and only time during the cruise got thoroughly woke up.

It was none of our business whether the *Panther* got off the rocks or not. That was the captain's affair; and therefore, when we learned that no hole had been made in her bottom, we were eager to get ashore, and after the birds. "The Professor" was easy in his mind about the specimens, "Blob" was relieved about his caricatures, and the "negatives" were safe. What was to prevent us? Nothing but the settlement of the question of responsibility as to whose fault it was that we hit the rock. The mate said it wasn't his. Oh no! who ever was at fault when any mischief was done? But the captain declared it was, and the mate, with equal zeal, repeated that it wasn't. But the second mate was against him, and every body else appeared to be; so he protested very loudly that it was none of his duty to keep the run of all the rocks in Baffin Bay, which was pretty hard upon the captain, who kept the charts, and if there were any rocks lying around loose should know about them. This home thrust incensed the captain greatly; and, without making any secret of it, he advised the mate to go home to his mother (which he would, no doubt, have been glad enough to do), and, with a consistency peculiar to maritime people, told him, with the same breath, that he had better go and scrape the rust off the anchor, which was all he was fit for. This settled the matter; and the matter being settled, a calm followed on the heels of the storm; and, upon the first lull, we got a boat off the davits, and got ourselves and our guns and heavy shot, for the promiscuous slaughter of ducks, landed on the beach. Then we all filed off to left and right, and marched inland, the ducks very obligingly getting up before us as we went along, and hurrying away with a terrible flapping of wings and quacking with fright—at least, such as we did not bring down—and, since they rose superbly, any body with half a hand could have knocked over his bird. The sport was good, and, by all odds, the best we had yet enjoyed.

The islands proved, indeed, to have been well named. The birds were the famous eider-duck, close kindred of our much prized canvas-back, though much larger, and, feeding on shrimps, their flesh is not so well flavored.

The whole aspect of the place was forbidding in the extreme—too bleak and desolate to make one think of looking there for game did he not know better beforehand. But there were, toward the centre of the island, some small pools or lakes of snow-water, which furnished moisture for the growth of great quantities of moss; and in this moss, after the waters had subsided and left it dry, the birds had built their nests, lining them with the delicate down which grows upon the breast. This the bird plucks off with her bill to the extent of a good handful, leaving the feathers intact; and when she leaves her nest, to feed, she covers her eggs with this warm material to keep them warm. In regions further south the Greenlanders make descents upon the islands, and carry off this fine lining of the nests, which, when cleaned, becomes the well-known and very valuable "eider-down" of commerce. "Live down" is the commercial name of it; and it is a singular fact that the same material plucked from the bird even an instant after death is worthless. The wonderful elasticity which gives such great value to the "live down" is wholly wanting in the dead.

During the early part of the season the ducks go in pairs, and the contrast between the two is very great—the female bird being brown and homely, while the male is black, with cream-colored breast and neck, and has the most beautiful tints of green upon his head. If the nest is robbed of down, and the female's own supply is exhausted, the male will sometimes obligingly pluck himself to accommodate her; but after she begins to "sit" he is seldom seen about her nest or in her company, and, indeed, is not allowed there except when she has been robbed, and wants his help to refresh the family nest. The males then flock together—like hen-pecked husbands at the clubs—and are very wild. To get within range of them at all one must lie low behind the rocks, and wait for them to fly overhead. In this manner we shot quite a number, and found their flesh a little fishy, but very fair. We enjoyed the afternoon's sport immensely, and perhaps not the less that the captain had come off very soon after we landed to convey the pleasing intelligence that, the tide having risen, the *Panther* was afloat and all right. And apart from this we liked the captain on all hunting expeditions. He was generally the best shot, which detracted something, of course, since he was pretty sure to be the winner. But then he was always gay and lively; and he carried a gun which nobody but a tall, powerful man like himself could possibly have used—one of those Newfoundland sealing guns—long enough, ordinarily, to knock a bird over without firing. But the captain was too fond of sport for work of that sort, and he invariably allowed the bird to get beyond the muzzle before he pulled trigger. Fifteen dozen birds rewarded us well for some fatigue, undergone in a temperature warm enough to enable us to dispense with coats, even although we were in lattitude 74°, and surrounded on every side by ice.

The islands were so full of interest, and possessed so many romantic associations, that I wandered about them, from one to the other, rather in pursuit of my own fancy than of game. Every where that I went there appeared traces of the whalemen—at one place a flag-staff, at another place the fragment of a wreck; here they had built a fire, and there they had made a camp; and upon the very summit of the outer island, five hundred feet above the sea, we discovered the walls of an old look-out station, behind which many a hardy mariner whose ship was lost among the ice had come and watched, perhaps for days, waiting and hoping for some favorable change of wind and weather to bring a change of ice and change of fortune.

On another part of this same island we came upon a number of graves. They were about fifty yards from the beach, on a rapidly sloping hill-side facing the west, beneath a great tall cliff, which forms a conspicuous landmark for vessels approaching from that direction.

Never was place of human sepulture more desolate. Here there were no birds; there was not even a blade of grass, nor a bit of moss—not a living thing—nothing but a waste of naked rocks and loose stones, that had been tumbled by the frosts of winter from the cliffs above. The dead had been laid in some convenient place among the rocks, and the stones had been heaped upon the coffins, and at the head of each rude sepulchre there had been placed a board on which the shipmates of the dead sailor had carved his name and age, and the place of his nativity, his ship, and rank, and day of death; and over all "Sacred to the memory."

It was late in the afternoon when we brought up at the summit of the island in the whalers' old look-out station, where we commanded a superb view of the surrounding region. How grandly the mountains and glaciers of Greenland loomed up on our right! How splendid was the sea around, speckled with ice, while here and there appeared a dark rocky island among the general whiteness! How tempting Melville Bay ahead, with the interminable "pack," the endless ice-fields, which we could distinctly see! For now we had the promise of a tussle with what all had heard and read so much about, and the still better promise of some bear-shooting.

But for our adventures in this particular we have here no space, and must therefore reserve them for another Number.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MY BEST CHRISTMAS-BOX.

I DON'T know how it came to pass, but I certainly contrived to fall in love very decidedly with my cousin Clara. She was a bright, pretty girl—as, curiously enough, nearly every girl of the name of Clara is sure to be—the brightest and prettiest that I have ever known. With her, cousinhood had at once paved the way for intimacy. "If ever you fall in love, you ought to fall in love with your cousin Clara," said my good mother one day to me. I contrived to carry out the maternal hint with great promptitude. Now my mother was the poor sister of a rich man. Because she saw this delicate matter in a certain point of view, it by no means followed that Uncle John should see it exactly in the same light; and even if Uncle John should happen to coincide with her on such a vital matter, it was still more unlikely that Aunt Jemima should take the same kindly view; for Aunt Jemima was a rich, proud woman. Clara was her only child, and, of course, all the money of her marriage settlement was to go to Clara. Aunt Jemima took good care to let me understand that, properly speaking, she was no aunt of mine. She had married my uncle, but she had not married his family; and, indeed, even my uncle looked down upon his sister, for she had married a poor curate, who was to be nothing else than a poor curate all his days. He lived in the North country, and I went to the great grammar-school of a Northern city. The fact will be hardly credited in these days, but I actually came of age without ever visiting the "little village," as those people say of London who call the Atlantic a pond. I am so near the top of the big grammar-school that I had the refusal of a scholarship or exhibition that would have gone most of the way toward clearing my expenses at Oxford or Cambridge. My father wrote to Uncle Blogue to ask him whether, as a family matter, he could give me any help toward the university. Uncle Blogue, or possibly it was Aunt Blogue, by no means "seemed to see it." He sent a letter quite full, I am informed, of very beautiful Christian feeling, saying that he had no doubt that I should ultimately find an opening in commerce in one of the neighboring manufacturing counties. I believe my mother shed some bitter tears, but I am sure I never bore Uncle Blogue the least grudge in the matter. I went into a lawyer's office at Liverpool, who took me on account of my school character for sharpness; and I don't think that Liverpool allowed my natural acuteness, such as it was, to be dulled, although I had not had the advantage of a metropolitan experience. I am afraid, indeed, that the Liverpool experience might not have been of the most healthful sort; but I used to spend most of the long vacation with my father; and in the seclusion of my familiar and loved home amid the Yorkshire moors and streams I came nearer to what my father wished me to be, and rubbed off the narrowness of the office, and the unfavorable general coloring conferred by Liverpool.

I got a kind of promotion. It was settled that I was to go up to London, to the office of the London agency that was very closely connected with the Liverpool firm. They wanted a man in town who knew all about Liverpool. My berth was moderately good, and there was the expectation that it would become better. Moreover, there was a location assigned me—a bedroom with a very diminutive sitting-room attached, which were handed over to me by the junior partner. He had just been admitted a member of a club, and had taken lodgings in Jermyn Street to carry out the idea, firing many of his friends with a noble emulative ambition. For a few days I roamed about London, not exactly like a noble savage lost in hopeless admiration, but with the cynical *nil admirari* style, which we flattered ourselves we had brought to considerable perfection in the provinces. And then I bethought myself that I would call on Uncle Blogue, who, indeed, had been frequently in my mind since it had been settled that I should come up to London.

I confess I knocked at my uncle's door, throwing into my knock much of the energy of my original Yorkshire nature. I confess also that when I first met my mother's only brother I yearned for some little amount of sympathy, for I had had a touch of melancholy that morning, and a feeling of the loneliness of London was growing upon me. I moved with the heartiest feeling toward a middle-aged gentleman in a pink waistcoat, with pink eyes and cheeks to match. There was only one point about him which I liked, and that was that his smile was of a more pleasing kind than might have been expected from his visage, generally speaking, and that he smiled with his eyes. But when I noticed his mechanical movements, and the cold pressure of his flabby hand, my Liverpool training stood me in good stead, and I very exactly adapted my own manner to his. Mrs. Blogue was hardly more disappointing, and for a very simple reason. After some inquiries were exchanged, of a very conventional nature, the word "dinner" escaped my uncle's mouth, but died away upon his lips at a look from my aunt. Mrs. Blogue substituted a milder invitation, and asked if I would stay lunch that day, or some other day before they should be leaving town. I was feeling annoyed, and was about excusing myself, when there came a peculiarly sharp knock, a peculiarly quick ring, and Mrs. Blogue exclaimed, "Why, here's Clara," and her face lighted up with a sudden animation and interest as she moved into the hall to meet her daughter.

"Cousin Charlie here!" came the accents of a musical, surprised, and even rather a delighted voice, and my bright, handsome cousin entered the study, where we had been talking. She came up immediately with extended hands and dancing eyes. The provocation of those eyes was immense; and who could deny that we were first cousins? I bent forward to kiss her, and her lips moved to meet mine.

Mrs. Blogue looked aghast, but presently recovered her equanimity; and in a way half apologetic for her daughter, but not over-friendly to myself, she murmured, "Ah yes! cousins always are so affectionate."

We sat down to a very good lunch, and before the lunch was half over we were on "Charlie" and "Clara" terms. Before the lunch was entirely over I had gone a long way toward obeying my beloved mother's injunction.

When we had finished lunch Clara said, "Isn't it nice that Charlie has come up to town? He is just in time for our dinner-party next Monday."

"I am afraid, my dear, our table will be quite full," said my uncle. "There's Sir James, and the Downings, and Lady Pendleton, and the others. Quite a close fit as it is."

"Oh, I saw Lucy Pendleton in the square this morning, and she said that her mamma was so upset by the death of her poodle that she was going to write a note to decline the invitation."

"Seriously, Clara?" said Aunt Jemima.

"Seriously, old lady." I opened my eyes at this expression, for it sounded slangy and periodic, but Aunt Jemima took it mildly. It was evident to me that the young lady ruled the old lady, and meant to have it her own way in the matter of that invitation.

So it was fixed that I should come to dinner on Monday at seven o'clock. "And remember," said Clara, half whisperingly, "that you may be here a little before, if you like, for I shall be down in the drawing-room long before that."

I do not know why I should go very fully into my love-story, which was in its blessed experience like all the true love-stories that ever were or will be. A hint is rarely lost upon the legal mind. I shall always remember that evening of evenings. I made a point of willfully mistaking the hour, and came exactly an hour earlier; but that was, of course, excused to the kinsman of the house. The old birds were engaged. Aunt Jemima was putting herself in gorgeous apparel, and the uncle was draping himself in black. So we sat for a whole hour in the delicious gloaming twilight of the drawing-room, in full cousinly amity, and Clara and I exchanged our histories. She had not much to tell, for she had only been released six months from her school at Brighton; but she wanted to know all about her relations in Yorkshire, and had an enthusiastic regard for my father, a portion of which I hoped she would transfer to his unworthy son. So at last hand clasped hand, and when the first note had announced the first guest, she gave me the kiss of cousinhood and ran up stairs to meet her mother.

The dinner was a very excellent one. The charm to me was, beyond Cousin Clara, who sat directly opposite, the presence of two or three guests, of whom I had heard a great deal in the public papers, but had never contemplated with the eyes of the flesh. The lord of the absent Lady Pendleton was a celebrated judge; but she had probably wept more over her poodle than over any number of criminals whom the judge had hung. Then there was a great M.P., with a boundless capacity for work and talk; and I perceived that, in the course of the evening, he ventilated every fact and idea with which he favored the House and the country the following Tuesday night. As a rule, however, very great people are not so impressive in the undress of private life as when they are "upon their legs," or girt with the insignia of office. Still it was a happy night; but I thought the judge and the M.P. talked poor stuff compared to what Cousin Clara said.

I came whenever I had a chance to St. George's Road. Clara was always kind and courteous, very pleasant in manner, and, if she had the woman's wit with which I credited her, she would have known how fond I was of her sweet face. But I perceived that I was not very popular with my uncle and aunt. I really think my uncle Blogue had a not unkindly feeling toward me. But he was emphatically "a man under authority," absolutely subjugated by Aunt Jemima. Mrs. Blogue always gave me a sickly, stereotyped smile, and a hysterical shake of that codfish hand of hers. I perceived that there was a kind of cycle in this curious household which quite reversed all my limited notions of propriety—the wife domineering over the husband, and the daughter, in a sweetly imperative fashion, over the mother. However, it was clear to me that the old people did not care very much for my company. As a rule, I went through the farce of asking if they were at home; but they must, I think, have understood that I did not care very greatly if only the young lady were in the drawing-room. One day I got a letter from my honored father which was not at all to my liking—at least the P.S. alarmed me, which was this: "I am afraid you are giving your uncle Blogue too much of your company. The wise man tells us to withdraw the foot from our neighbor's house, lest he weary of us. Your uncle says, a little unfeelingly, that you come very often, and not always at convenient times." Now was not this a passage peculiarly likely to gall a young man, and hurt his sense of his own dignity? It hurt all my *amour propre* that I should be supposed to go where I was not wanted. I kept away for weeks. Wounded sensibility told me never again to cross that hateful threshold; but affection reminded me of Clara's bright eyes, and confidently assured me that she at least had no part in that cruel message.

When I summoned up courage to call at last, the door was opened by a man-servant, of unamiable and even forbidding aspect. He took a very deliberate survey of me, and asked for my card. He then informed me that the family was all *hout*. I bore my disappointment as I could, and deliberated within what space of time it might be decent for me, considering my uncle's expression of weariness, to call again. I determined to allow him the eternity of a lunar month. At the conclusion of that month I once more faced Cerberus. "Not at home," said he, very sharply. "When will they be at home?" I asked, with a failing heart. "Don't know, Sir; hout for the day." I prolonged the lunar month to the space of a calendar month before the next call, and then I knocked at the door once more. It was in the evening, this time, between eight and nine. I read the inevitable "Not at home" upon the scoundrel's stolid face. "How very unfortunate!" I exclaimed. "Wery unfortunate indeed," said the man; and I am not sure that he did not put his tongue into his cheek. As I turned away I cast a look back toward the drawing-room, and there I saw lights. "Very odd," I thought, "when there is no one in the house." This unhappy experience happened once or twice again, and I began to think that I must give up calling altogether.

It was a Saturday afternoon, some weeks after my last failure, and I was sitting moodily in my rooms. It was long past business hours, and I had been intending to run down to the Crystal Palace for a half-holiday, and was thinking how sweet it would be to have Cousin Clara there at the Rosary and by the lakes. It was dull work, however, to go by one's self, and I had given up the notion. Presently there came a gentle rap at the office door. I wondered greatly what should bring clients at that time; for my few friends were very unlikely to call at an hour when they and I would most likely be away from town. There was no clerk in attendance, and when I opened the door I saw two young ladies. I immediately recognized my cousin Clara, and presently her lady's-maid—possibly a shade better, certainly several shades more showily, dressed than herself. With the utmost joy and eagerness I hurried her into my room, leaving the maid in a clerk's room adjoining. I seated myself on my tall stool, while she sat down on a tin box, close to me, labeled "The Right Honorable the Earl of Z——," and supposed to contain that noble lord's most precious parchments.

"Oh, Cousin Charles!" she exclaimed, "they have treated you most shamefully, and I could bear it no longer. I thought I must come and tell you; you must not think it was my fault."

"What is it all about, dear Clara? Oh, you sweet, kind Clara, to come to me! I have been thoroughly beaten and broken-hearted, that I could never see you at home."

"But we were at home, Cousin Charlie," she answered; "but it was one of those wicked lies which we tell in London. Papa told that new footman—the stupid wretch!—to say 'Not at home." And twice at least, Charlie, when you have been there I have watched you from the window with my eyes full at papa's unkindness.

"I told papa, one day," she went on, "that it was very cruel of him to be so unkind to his own flesh and blood; and that, as you did not know much about London, we ought properly to take you to the Polytechnic, and Madame Tussaud's, and the Tower of London, and all sorts of places. Papa said that he did not approve of a young man like you wasting your time at a house; and what do you think he said, Charlie?"—and here there was much blushing—"He said that you only came to see me, and did not care for your uncle and aunt."

"I'm afraid it's a true bill, Clara."

"Then that's very wrong of you, Charlie. Be pleased to remember that your uncle and aunt are my papa and mamma."

"Well, Clara, and what did you say to that?"

"Why, I said that if you wanted to see me, I wanted to see you; and that if he meant to be harsh and cruel, I should be obliged to run away with you."

"Oh, my Clara!" And while Clara was saying, "But I didn't mean it, Charlie; I didn't indeed," I had caught her in my arms, and pressed a lover's kiss on her unresisting lips.

It was very sudden; I dare say it was very wrong; but Clara and I were engaged. How the dingy office became beautified and glorified all at once! Unhappily, the engagement was to be kept a secret from the parents—an unpleasant and unhappy state of affairs. It was not my fault, however, but the fault of Uncle Blogue. For myself, I could have been content to have shouted my happiness from the house-top. It was very pleasant to lay out a regular little plan of operations to see all I could of Clara. Sometimes, as the evenings grew longer, I would meet her as she was shopping in Oxford Street or Regent Street; and once—ah, happy day!—in Covent Garden Market; and if the mother was not with her, I could get ten minutes' chat with her. There was one house where I was asked to dinner to meet her; but Clara was not allowed to go to that house again. But if she went to the Opera or one of the theatres, I contrived sometimes to see her, and always to look at her dear face. It will readily be understood that I found ways and means of corresponding with her.

But I may venture to say that my nature was quite alien to the spirit of intrigue. I was grieved that I should be engaged to Clara, and yet be unable to tell my own mother. I could say nothing to those at home, lest the news should travel back to St. George's Road. So I made up my mind to brave the lion in his den, and I pounced upon Uncle Blogue. I watched my opportunity, and caught him one afternoon, as he was returning from the Reform, at the door-step.

"Uncle," I said, "I want to speak to you on a deeply important matter, which concerns my happiness, and perhaps your own."

He took out his latch-key, and motioned me to follow him. He led the way into his study, behind the dining-room, and sitting down, composed himself into an inquiring attitude.

"Uncle," I said, "I love my cousin Clara, and I feel I must tell you so; and I implore you to take my avowal kindly."

My uncle gave a grimly sarcastic look, and then went on dryly,

"You desire, I presume, to make me a proposal of marriage for my daughter?"

"Yes, uncle," I replied, somehow a little crestfallen at the pomposity of his announcement.

"May I inquire, Nephew Charles," said my uncle, with the pompous element unpleasantly predominating, "whether you are able to maintain my daughter in that state of life to which she has been hitherto accustomed?"

"Uncle," I replied, "I love my cousin Clara, and I believe she is not altogether indifferent to me." The old gentleman looked greatly disgusted, but waved his hand and interrupted.

"My daughter Clara is so young and inexperienced that she does not know whether she is indifferent or whether she is not indifferent. Let me repeat my question, young Sir. My daughter is accustomed to a carriage, to her own maid, to the Opera, to parties, to tours in the recess. May I ask how much you have a year?"

"About two hundred a year, uncle."

"Absolute poverty! sheer destitution!" said my uncle. "I could not for a moment entertain such an exceedingly absurd proposition. But I will be plain with you, Nephew Charles. In a worldly point of view you would not suit me as a son-in-law. But, Nephew Charles," he added, with the utmost solemnity of manner, "I do not take a worldly view. I object on principle to the intermarriage of cousins." This is a valuable remark, which, I believe, has frequently been made in cases parallel to my own, but without bringing home a sense of criminality to the human breast.

I confess at the moment that I was greatly taken aback.

"My daughter," continued Uncle Blogue, "is about to visit some friends in Edinburgh. We have some notion that a thorough change of scene will be a good thing for her. Good-morning, Nephew Charles."

My uncle had spoken—cruel brute! There were no more messages, and no more pleasant meetings. I ascertained, beyond a doubt, that Clara was in Edinburgh; but I could not find her address. The late summer and the dull autumn wore away, and I had a dull pain in my heart, and went mechanically through my hardening office-work, and my heart hardened to it.

Now it so happened that on Christmas-eve I was returning to my rooms in a very dispirited state of mind. From considerations of the *res angusta domi* I was not going home this Christmas. I had been dining at some chop-house, familiar to many denizens of Gray's Inn, and had tried to encourage myself by usages which seemed meet for Christmas. A sympathetic waiter brought me roast beef and plum-pudding afloat in blazing brandy, and I took one or two mince-pies in pursuance of the time-honored fiction that so many mince-pies before Christmas would entail so many happy days after it. There were very few men of the Inn there. There had been a great many hansoms flying about Gray's Inn Square this afternoon, with hampers that visibly displayed game, oysters, and codfish. Even such homeward signs as these unconsciously saddened me. The notion occurred to me that I might as well go to some place of amusement; but I presently resolved to go home, and think of Yorkshire, and brood and dream about my Clara. I walked up and down in the square, feeling very melancholy, enveloped in a thick fog, in which the gas-lamps gleamed lurid, the passers-by other than human, and the very cabs swollen into stage-coaches. At last, with a groan, I ascended that eternal staircase, greatly desiderating the American lift. I opened the door with my latch-key and struck a light. It was Christmas-eve, to be sure, but even at Christmas there are ill-disposed people who insist on litigation. I took out half a dozen letters addressed to the firm, and there were a couple for myself. One was from my mother. I knew it would be long, loving, and consolatory, and I laid the treasure aside, with the intention that it should strengthen and help me on Christmas-day. The other, to my great surprise, was a letter in handwriting which certainly seemed to be the handwriting of Uncle Blogue. It ran thus:

"ST. GEORGE'S ROAD, S. W., *Dec.* 24.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,—Your mother mentions in a letter that you are staying in town this Christmas. I do not like to think of your spending it alone in chambers, while you have flesh and blood of your own in London. Will you come to an early dinner on Christmas-day? It is an early dinner because a lot of children are coming to dine with us, and there will be no grown-up people besides ourselves. With compliments of the season, your affectionate uncle,

"NATHANIEL BLOGUE.

"CHARLES TRAFFORD, ESQ."

I confess I was astonished at this letter. Was Uncle Blogue burying the tomahawk, and lighting the pipe, and extending the olive branch of peace? Then I felt rather vexed. A one-o'clock dinner was rather a fall in life, and only to meet a lot of children was an additional fall. There was not a word about Clara—not the slightest intimation of any news from Edinburgh. I felt very grand, and had half a mind to send a dignified refusal. But Clara's parents, *quâ* her parents, seemed to have an attraction for me, and somehow to bring me nearer Clara. When the Christmas morning dawned, somehow I felt very happy. The air was crisp and bracing. The depression of last night had worn away. Then I went to Lincoln's Inn Chapel, heard the gorgeous Christmas anthem, listened to a noble sermon, and, though I had never been at college, I could realize my favorite poet's words:

"And heard once more in college fanes
  The storm their high-built organs make,
  And thunder music rolling shake
The prophets blazoned in the panes."

Then I proceeded to the river, and took a steamer which landed me at St. George's Pier, Pimlico, whence I soon made my way to St. George's Road. It was a little late, but my uncle and Aunt Jemima received me very graciously. The twinkle in Uncle Blogue's eye—the one peculiarity about him which I rather liked—was a merrier twinkle than ever I thought it could have been, and yet he had an anxious look. Aunt Jemima had a subdued, and what really appeared to me a somewhat deprecating expression of countenance. There were a lot of children who were congregated in the study, in a state of great glee and expectation, surrounding a Christmas-tree.

There were a great many pretty presents about, and each child invited had a Christmas-box. Then there was a little talk about Christmas-boxes.

"Whatever custom goes out, I think the custom of Christmas-boxes will never go out," said Mrs. Blogue.

"I always think the postman ought to have a good Christmas-box," said a pretty child, tall for her age. "He brought me such lovely valentines this year."

"But every body wants a Christmas-box," said Mrs. Blogue. "Policemen, newspaper-boy, butcher, baker, and all the rest. It would be much more reasonable if they gave Christmas-boxes to those who have to keep them."

"Would you like a Christmas-box, Nephew Charles?" said Uncle Blogue, with a peculiar twinkle of that solitary redeeming feature, his eye.

"No kind offer refused, uncle," I answered. "The smallest Christmas-box thankfully accepted."

"We have not forgotten you, Charles," he said, with some kindness; "I have a Christmas-box for you somewhere. Let me see—where is it?" And he felt in his pocket, and pretended to look about the room. "Ah! I recollect now," he said. "You will find it lying upon the sofa in the drawing-room. You had better go and look for it."

I went up stairs, wondering very greatly what might be the meaning of this unusual piece of civility on the part of Uncle Blogue.

But when I opened the drawing-room door—oh, heart of mine!—there, on the sofa, was my cousin Clara, rather ill and worn in looks, but stretching out her hands toward me; and, giving a little cry of joy, in a moment she was in my arms.

Then she told me all. They had sent her to Edinburgh, and had exacted a solemn promise from her that she should not correspond with me. Her friends in Edinburgh had received instructions to do all they could to occupy and divert her mind. She had gone on a tour through the Lakes and the Caledonian Canal; and they had taken her to all kinds of amusements and parties when they got back to their own "romantic town." But she did not forget that heart and faith were pledged to her cousin Charles; and the thought that she was so far away from him—the thought that she was never more to have communication with him—pressed heavily upon her spirits, and spoiled all enjoyment. She had returned to London at the beginning of the month in a very unsatisfactory state of health. Then they called in the doctor. The doctor puzzled and prescribed, and called in another doctor more illustrious than himself. They agreed that both the complaint and the remedy were beyond their art. Then the family doctor, with the advice of the consulted doctor, asked Uncle Blogue if there was any thing on his daughter's mind that might account for her ill health and depression. Mr. Blogue replied that there had been a silly love affair which she had not altogether been able to dismiss from her mind. The doctor said that the silly love affair was a very important matter indeed, and that, if he did not wish his daughter to go into a decline, he had better arrange it with the young fellow. This had happened only yesterday, and Uncle Blogue, in a great fright, and zealously incited by the doting mother, had sent for me at once.

Thus it was that I found on the sofa that Christmas-day the best Christmas-box which I had ever received in all my life. My uncle acted liberally, and we began on much more than two hundred a year. My mother, overjoyed, came up to the wedding ceremony; but, long before that happy morn, on Clara's candid face the lilies had yielded to the brightening roses. Uncle Blogue's only regret is, that he did not send me to college, and, as he considers, make me better fitted for my lofty destiny as his son-in-law.